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WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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IN THE HIGHER BOHEMIA.

ACCORDING to the wishes of a number of persons who enjoyed the anonymous serial that ran through the MIRROR this summer, the publisher of this paper will issue shortly an attractive edition of that remarkable novel,

"THE IMITATOR."

The book is generally understood to be a key novel; that is, the characters chiefly figuring in the story are supposed to be thinly disguised portraits of distinguished, conspicuous, or notorious public personages. In this case a startling study of a society celebrity is supposed to be an analysis, or rather a merciless vivisection, of that weird and wonderful creature, Harry Lehr, whose antics have long amused and amazed the swell set of Gotham. A presentation, in this book, of a society novelist is guessed by the initiated to have reference particularly to the individuality of the distinguished Mr. Hobart Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor, once of Chicago. But probably the most poignantly interesting treatment of an involved, intricate, unexpected and peculiar individuality is that of the great actor whose personality is temporarily usurped by the hero of the novel. There is a depth to this study that is wonderful. The character is that of a man singularly like Mr. Richard Mansfield, and in its delineation the most satisfactory of all attempts to explain the mystery that is Mansfield is made by the author. The three living personages thus analyzed are

public characters and the public will be interested to see the hidden springs of their being revealed. Aside from these character studies, the story-satire is full of clever, searching, smart criticism upon society, art, the stage, literature. There are several passages of love-making that are done in the finest style of the epigrammatic mood. All in all, THE IMITATOR is such a novel as has not been written before in this country. It is excessively up-to-date, and its tone is exactly that of the mad, antic world of the higher Bohemia, where Society and Letters and Art mix in a strange hodge-podge of brilliantly exotic artificiality.

Needless to say that the workmanship in the book-making will be of the best and up to the superior quality of the story-satire itself. The author chooses for the present, at least, to remain anonymous.

A HEART-TO-HEART TALK.

BY W. M. R.

THIS town is getting somewhat sick of some things connected with the World's Fair and New St. Louis movements. It is sick of the bossism in the Fair, a bossism that is based solely on money and damns as "disloyal" anyone who doubts the impeccable wisdom of the bosses, a bossism that squelches every man with an idea on the strength of the claim that the men who put up the money have the only right to be heard. This town is heartily sick of the evidences of "too much Thompson." And the sickness is worst among some of the ablest men of the World's Fair Directory who are snubbed, ignored, choked off, turned down because their subscriptions were not large enough.

The cry that the Fair must be held in 1903 is all right, but it is no crime for anyone to wonder how this can be done at the present rate of progress of work on the grounds and with more than one half the States of the Union unable to make appropriations and with a legislative committee that is dead. The manner in which Mr. Adolphus Busch's suggestion of a postponement of the Fair was howled down and smothered in the newspapers was a brilliant specimen of bulldozing by the World's Fair bosses. Mr. Busch's interview was cold, hard sense, and every person in St. Louis, not a pin-head or a parasite of some World's Fair joss, knew absolutely that Mr. Busch was right in his main contention that the Fair has not been widely and effectively advertised abroad.

The mere idea that Mr. Busch should differ with the bosses was considered almost a sacrilege. This sort of thing is calculated to disgust men who have contributed their money and effort to the Fair, and the editor of the MIRROR, as one loyal to the Fair, as a contributor according to his means, as one having no personal grievance, as one with some good friends on the Executive Committee, does not hesitate to say that the bulldozing tactics adopted toward Mr. Busch and everybody else who expresses an opinion out of line with the bosses is exciting a rancor that is dangerous to the enterprise.

The bosses are not infallible. They were confided out of \$15,000 to pass the Charter Amendments, when there was hardly a necessity to "cough up" \$1,500. They are letting the Fair drift away from its announced design of giving an exhibit of life and action, and into the routine of other Fairs. They are making the mistake of emphasizing the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company to the extent of making foreigners think the exposition is to be a local affair. They are not securing the profitable publicity they should be securing. They are not pushing the work in the States of the Union as it should be pushed. They are not forcing the work on the grounds as it should

be forced, and they are, unless we are misinformed, pursuing a piddling policy of excessive caution. They are treating many honest, earnest, energetic, initiative leaders of sub-committees with almost brutal superciliousness. They are sizing up every suggestion by the wealth of the man who makes it. They have the daily papers corked and the editors of those papers bluffed and cowed into an attitude of dumb submission. The bosses may not like to read these things, but these things are true and they are hurting the Fair.

The people of this town are nauseated by the "philanthropy" of those gentlemen who have organized a corporation to prevent the city from being robbed by contractors, by advancing money on the special tax bills given contractors for street work. Faugh! The philanthropic gentlemen are simply note-shavers. They are out to make money off the contractors, as pawnbrokers might make it. Now these same philanthropists are going into the contracting business themselves, to save (?) the city from extortion. They have a fine quarry to furnish rock for the streets. They have a large gravel bed to furnish gravel for World's Fair walks. They have a cement plant in North St. Louis to furnish the cement for the World's Fair buildings. They are talking of going into the manufacture of brick for street-paving. They have the first spur into the World's Fair grounds.

When I say "they" I mean that the philanthropists, or their business friends and associates, have a little finger at least in all these pies and they are, none of them, men who are putting up their money to save money for anybody else. I would not even appear to enter objections to these "snaps"—believing such things practically impossible of avoidance in circumstances like those now prevailing and believing further that one of the reasons for a World's Fair and a New St. Louis is that we may all make a little money—but it is the philanthropic spiel, the public-spirit bunco game that disgusts the observer, and I am saying nothing of the now-developing realty deal that is to take in the Washington University property and leave that institution the benefit of all improvements made by the World's Fair. So far as the scheme applies only to the leaving of residuary benefits to the University it is worthy, but there are hints of a private snap above and beyond that, in the matter of purchasing land from a syndicate, which may be more explicitly condemned when it assumes more tangible shape.

All these things about the World's Fair and New St. Louis are suppressed by the daily papers. Those publications stand for every possible "job" because the "jobbers" must be depended on for the main work of the Fair. The papers are edited by the World's Fair bosses in their own interests. If any paper presumes to begin to find fault with anything that looks like a private "snap" the projectors of the private "snap" visit the editor and tell him not to say anything, because, if he does, he will injure the Fair. These bosses have suppressed absolutely all tendency to criticize. Every editorial about the Fair must begin "the managers of the World's Fair have done well" or "the directors of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company have made no mistake." The daily papers are puff-bureaus for the bosses, and nothing more. The daily papers are being hoodwinked as to private schemes for money-making in connection with the Fair—either that or they are taken into those schemes "on the ground floor." The former is the more likely.

This attitude of the press is most unfortunate. It serves to make the bosses more tyrannical. It serves to keep the Fair from the public and the public from the Fair. It calks up the inner Fair organization so that nothing can leak out of it or into it. Continuous, stomach-turning flattery of the bosses makes them contemptuous of everybody

outside the sacred cinch. It aids the bosses to suppress the men who dare to think or to talk. It operates to prevent the admission to the minds of the bosses of any ideas that may spring from the outside. It makes the moneyed man the aesthetic authority, though he have no more imagination than a blind cow. All this is wrong, terribly wrong. It gives the Fair a general aspect of stodginess, of hostility to the poetry and romance that must enter into a great exposition, if it is to be a success. It gives the Fair the impress of that dullness, that perfunctory conventionalism that marks the news treatment of the Fair in the St. Louis papers—a sort of machine-made stamp that revolts the person who believes a World's Fair should be, not a business proposition alone, but something to touch the imaginations, the hearts, the souls of those who may behold it.

It is not pleasant to feel called upon to say all these things. Saying them may grieve persons for whom the writer has much esteem or even affection. Some World's Fair workers will feel aggrieved and abused in these utterances. Others will think the writer an obstructionist or a cynic. But the writer insists that he only says these things to point out the defects of the qualities of men at the front.

Those men are too powerful, too irresponsible to public feeling, too much flattered. They are falling into the mood of "the king can do no wrong." They are becoming, unconsciously, as the writer believes, "flown with insolence." They need to be told that they are not above or beyond criticism. They need to be "called down." The World's Fair is not wholly their affair, but the people have a share in it. These bosses, when they set themselves up as superior to the people, as being entitled to work their will, undisputed, as being so wise that their frailties are nil, are undoubtedly sickening the intelligent public and becoming ridiculous in their silly pride. They need to be saved from themselves, for their own credit and glory in the enterprise for which they have done much and for which they may do more if only they will realize that they do not inevitably know it all.

REFLECTIONS.

Our Astonishing President

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT persists in a course of conduct that dazes the politicians. He will not even let leaders whisper to him mysteriously about appointments. He insists upon doing things above board. Exclusively partisan considerations count for nothing in the matter of appointing men to office. He is proving, by his works, his belief in fitness as the first test of an applicant. He scorns the traditions of political skill-dugger at every opportunity and says what he thinks with the abandon of a private citizen of judgment talking to his friends. There is nobody doing his talking but himself. Anything that comes from the White House is not filtered through "a close friend of the administration." There is no spokesman for the President, but the President. Anybody of decency who has business with the President can see him in due time and is at liberty to say his say as direct as he can make it, with the assurance that he will not be sent away in any serious doubt as to the President's opinion or purpose. Under the Roosevelt regime red tape is out of fashion. The army and navy cliques tremble at the Executive's Alexandrine method of untying Gordian knots of precedent and custom. The President does business as a business man does it, without any formal pother or any preposterous solemnity. Everyone brought into contact with him finds him very much of a human being and nothing of a figure-head. He is said to be writing his own message without regard to the dull details of the budgets of Cabinet officers, to be striking out chiefly at and for general principles in the matters before the country for solution. His "strenuousness" is beginning to appear in its true light, as only a thorough aliveness to things, a capacity for interesting himself in things as they come before him, a decisiveness that is prompt but not impetuous. Some of the old "skeezics" that are fearful that Mr. Roosevelt will cheapen the Presidency are mistaken. He has

done nothing of the sort. He has made the office interesting by showing that the individuality of the man who holds it is the main thing. He doesn't "consult" in the old way of Presidents. He meets arguments as he would meet them if presented to him as a private citizen and is not so stubbornly set in his point of view as to underestimate anything that militates against his preconceptions. No one yet has complained either of discourtesy or of familiarity in the President's manner, although most persons who have met him on business have been somewhat disconcerted by the openness of his manner, by the utter absence of artificially self-imposed impressiveness. Everyone who has had experience admits that there never was a President to whom the ordinary person, in transacting affairs with him, could get so close, and with whom they could feel on a plane of frankness. Never a President had so few friends of the pompous or exclusively wealthy sort. Never a President received so many interesting people for themselves, regardless of their unpopularity with the public. Without a particle of doubt he is the most democratic President since Abraham Lincoln, touching the people at more points, sympathizing with and interested in more things of the people. There is something friendly and democratic about every item from the White House, something that makes the reader thereof feel that the occupant of that historic structure is essentially a man who appreciates men. President Roosevelt's popularity grows daily. The popular faith in him increases. His lack of "frills" in his personal manner is taken as indication that there will be no frills on his policies, that his words will be plain and his actions decisively direct. He is doing wonders for his party, redeeming it from the great evil of wealth-domination and machine-alignment. His Republicanism is not smeared over with idolatry for the big campaign contributor. He emphasizes at every turn that the dollar is not so important as the man. His regard for his party does not lead him to believe that a bad Republican is better than a good Democrat, and it is plain that the necessities of public service count for more with him, in the determination of an appointment, than the exigencies of local partisan situations. The President is positively refreshing in his untrammelled personality, in his being a man before an official and in his being both without any trace of pretense or self-consciousness of difference. He is so simple in his manner and method that he puzzles a great many people. He is disarming all his most bitter critics, by degrees. Their recent rages against him have fallen flat. They cannot make him ridiculous, because he does nothing that is other than what a man of a frank, free, practical nature might be expected to do. He is "peculiar" only in that he is honest with himself. There may come a time when he will make mistakes. If it does come we may depend upon it that they will be made in such a way of undisguised honesty of intent as to excuse them in the minds of the people. This absence of pose in him is so strange as to be itself mistaken for a pose. There are some people who affect to think him boyish and effervescent, but they have no facts to back their opinion. His "boyishness" is a healthy manliness. His "effervescence" is a steady vitality and vigor of mind. He appeals to hundreds of thousands who never saw him as intimately as if they had met him. He is very real to everybody. People are fond of him; so fond that they can smile at him without in the least implying disparagement—just as the people smiled at Lincoln and with him. He astonishes only those who believe that the art of life is an elaborate hypocrisy.

Koch's Tuberculosis Theory

WHEN Koch asserted that human and bovine tuberculosis were not intercommunicable there were the usual thousands willing to accept, yea, anxious to accept, the dictum of the great specialist. To many, no doubt, this assertion probably meant an excuse for the letting down of safeguards and an apology for indifference in inspecting cattle and carelessness in antiseptic precautions. It seems now, by actual test, that Doctor Koch's theory has been disproven in this country, a perfectly healthy cow, selected for

the purpose, having developed the disease in time, a few days after being inoculated with human tuberculosis germs. About this matter of tuberculosis contagion, it is always safest to lean toward the least hopeful side and to guard against it accordingly. Over-cleanliness, over-precaution can do no harm while there is always the fearful doubt that is likely to follow the other extreme. In no direction is over-precaution so excusable as in this matter of bovine intercommunication. Upon no animal is the human race more dependent than upon the cow. Electricity and automobiles may relegate the horse to an inferior sphere of usefulness, but from the cradle to the grave the patient cow and her sons and daughters are not only absolutely necessary to our physical well being, but to our gastronomical enjoyment. If we could accept Doctor Koch's theory without a doubt, there is no question whatever that we would be more comfortable in our minds. We could drink our milk, and feed it to babies without a qualm, and eat our beefsteaks in bliss and quietude. But—there is the doubt and it will not down and it is safer to be on the side of the doubt. Statistics prove that tuberculosis has slain its millions; experience and observation have taught us that this, the deadliest menace to human life, is the least guarded against of any known disease. Willful ignorance is responsible for a large percentage of needless death. The microbe is getting to be an old story. Like familiarity with any other danger we grow indifferent toward its power. Sometimes it would almost seem as if all this microbe agitation were but nightmare illusions of the physicians' brains. The aged look upon it as part and parcel of the various "newfangled" ideas that science has a mania for springing into existence almost any time, and in their secret souls cherish a feeling that it is "going against Providence" to make such a fuss about a thing that was never dreamed of until a few years ago and that is so insignificant it must be looked for with a microscope; if you have tuberculosis you have it, and it was foreordained that you should. That is all there is to it. And this very passive attitude of our elders is tremendously responsible for the spread of the disease. "Providence" has always had to bear the burden and responsibility of ignorance and carelessness. Science has proved, and is proving every day, that Providence is the most overworked force in the universe, in this respect.

Top Hats or Not?

It is not yet time to write an ode upon the passing of the silk hat; the question is far from settled; but that there is a question speaks something for our advancement in artistic ideals. Barring trousers, which bear the palm for ugliness in human covering, there is nothing so patent an invention of the Devil of Hideousness as the top hat, so-called. Once in awhile there is to be found a man who dignifies a top hat, but generally he is a man who would dignify any garment he wore, from rubber boots to a flannel shirt. There seems to be a unanimous opinion that the top hat is ugly and ought to go, but it has grown to be a veritable Old Man of the Sea and almost impossible to shake. Any hat that is suggested in its place seems not to be the thing, but at any rate it is worth something that there is talk of its passing. It may never "pass" but we are growing when we learn to discern the hideous, even if we do stultify our art ideals by continuing to wear it.

Fool Physicians

WHAT mighty minds the St. Louis physicians, allopathic, homeopathic, eclectic and otherwise, have in their heads! They adopted, the other evening, a resolution calling for the defeat of a local measure for the segregation of consumptives, and providing other means of preventing contagion. This was an act of sheer folly. Under whatever other plea the physicians opposed a measure framed in accordance with the views expressed in the best writings of the most renowned experts in tuberculosis, the real cause of the opposition would seem to be a dread that such legislation might, in some way, curtail the revenue of the doctors from the treatment of consumption. The arguments of the doctors, so far as they

were reported in the papers, were flimsy and childish, and generally unconvincing. The measure opposed first declares consumption a communicable disease; and then provides that physicians shall report every case of tuberculosis to the Health Commissioner; that the Health Commissioner shall cause an examination of the premises to be made, including all details about their sanitary conditions and the number of persons living in the house; that he may order an examination of the sputa of every suspected case; and that the room occupied by the invalid shall be fumigated, and fumigation may be repeated at intervals of ninety days. This is the sort of legislation that has been urged by the most noted men in the study of the white plague, in all the great medical journals of the world. If the ordinance as outlined is a bad ordinance, then all the study of consumption during the last twenty years has resulted in nothing. The whole world has been rejoiced to think that by just such measures as the one against which the local doctors thunder, there was a prospect of diminishing the number of deaths from tuberculosis and mastering the disease as thoroughly as small pox has been mastered. The St. Louis physicians have simply stultified themselves in the eyes of the world. They have stood up on their hind legs and declared that they don't want consumption diminished or abolished by any method that in any way may prevent the doctor's making fees. They don't want public health preserved unless they can make money by doing it. They don't want legislation that will help the public to protect itself from consumption. All they want is legislation that will prevent any competition with physicians for the money that may be made in ministering to the sick. In order to save their fees the St. Louis physicians seem almost to dispute the fact that consumption is a communicable disease and to deny every other fact concerning it that patient research has established through many years. Only education by medical men would stop the plague, these doctors said, but what the St. Louis Health Department purposed doing, under the bill denounced, was nothing more than to put into practical operation all the safeguards recommended by the ablest medical authorities. The St. Louis physicians have simply given an exhibition of selfish bigotry that has never before been equalled, not even by anti-vaccinationists of late years. They have denied their own prophets. They have repudiated all their own often-expressed opinions upon sanitation. And they appear to have done it solely for the exalted, the noble, the ethical reason of protecting their own pockets. They don't want the municipality to interfere to check disease, even along the lines laid down by physicians, though the municipality could do so much more effectively than all the doctors working collectively upon the consumptive population. The ordinance denounced by the doctors ought to pass. They have given, so far as the writer of this paragraph can discern, not a single good reason why the regulations proposed by the Health Department should not be adopted in this or any other city in any civilized country.

Robert Louis Stevenson

CRITICS are beginning to revise their original estimates of the work of R. L. S., but whatever the final determination of his place in later nineteenth century literature, we may rest assured that he will always hold a high place among the world's favorites as a man. Mr. Graham Balfour's "Life," recently issued by the Scribners, is proof of the fact that Stevenson's personality is immortal. He is an idol with a spice of Villon, of Bobby Burns, of Goldsmith, of Poe, or better still, as Henley says, a blend of *Ariel*, *Puck*, *Hamlet* and something of the Shorter Catechist. The man is positively infectious in his charm of indestructible youthfulness. He was the hero of a long, brave battle with disease, but he was ever cheerful. He was a buoyant humanist in his most desperate hours. He gave way to his dreams and yet he never lost his practical sense. Both worldly he was, and other-worldly. Work and play he loved equally. He believed in the goodness of bad people without believing necessarily in

the badness of good people. Mr. Balfour's "Life" tells us nothing new, perhaps, about this loveable sprite of life and letters, but it gathers many old things about him from scattered places and re-tells them pleasantly. The biography is not a great one at all. It leaves one unsatisfied, but it is doubtful if anyone could treat of "Tusitala" and not leave the subject at the end more tantalizingly inviting than ever. There's something about Stevenson, a sort of glamour or witching touch of an unearthly charm, that fascinates us, some pale brilliance with sadness in it that reaches our hearts, yet withal he was very much of a man. He was wonderfully interesting to himself and he compelled the love of everyone about him by that quality of gentle egoism. Idealist though he was, he was a canny Scot to his inner marrow. Mr. Balfour, his cousin, of course, does not succeed in summarizing Stevenson, but he gives us a frank, honest picture of him, not the less pleasant for being somewhat exasperating. The "Life," supplementing the "Letters," by Sydney Colvin, is one of the most charming books of the decade. When you have read it you see that while Stevenson put much of himself into his work, the man was infinitely more than ever he could express, a sort of depository of magical gifts and moods almost inexhaustible. The more you know of Stevenson the more you yearn to get into his spirit, but there is always something further to explore in that domain. And you cannot leave him with the closing of the book; he stays with you for long after, and you feel rather proud of yourself that such a rare spirit as his should find something, be it ever so little, in common with your own.

The World Grows Better

TO the query whether the world grows better there is called to mind an answer in the most evident reflection upon the recent death of Edward S. Stokes. What man of the Jim Fisk sort could occupy the position in the world to-day, as a popular hero, that Fisk occupied? No such person of glaring immorality would be tolerated. No deals such as he and Gould worked in Erie would be allowed to-day in Wall Street, and Wall Street is not over-virtuous. Even Croker is an improvement upon Tweed, the friend of Fisk and Gould. There is no creature of the Josie Mansfield stamp to-day that could occupy public attention as she did. Stokes was an outcast long before he died. Yes, indeed, the world grows better every day and it is the greatest crime of all for one to despair in the face of the patent facts of such improvement.

The Gospel of Kindness

THE Audubon Society of Missouri will hold its first annual meeting, at the Odeon, in this city, next Monday evening. It should be a well attended meeting, for the purposes of the organization are altogether filled with the beauty of kindness. The Society pleads for the sparing of the lives of the birds, not alone as a matter of sentiment, of pity, but for practical reasons. Not alone would the society put a stop to uselessly cruel slaughter of birds for bonnet-decoration; it urges that the birds be spared because their slaughter is dangerous to agriculture, as the United States Government has recognized in supplementing the work of the society by instructions from the Department of Agriculture on the subject of protecting the birds that they may protect the crops, the flowers the trees from devastation by vermin. The Society has a whole arsenal of effective argument against bird-slaughter and its literature for free circulation is convincing in its presentation of the evils that it would abolish, or, at least, reduce to a minimum. All lovers of bird life should get in touch with the Audubon Society, and forward its ends of mercy so far as they are able. To enlist in a war against cruelty and the waste of life of harmless creatures is a kind of militant natural religion that cannot fail of blessed effect upon the lives of the volunteers themselves. The gospel of kindness cannot be too insistently preached in these days, and there is no warrant for denying that the adjuration "love one another" applies, within the limitations of the common sense which recognizes

the difference in the orders of existence, to our relations towards all sentient creatures. The Audubon Society is not a fad. It exists in response to the demand of that growing, widening sense of our qualified kinship to the creatures of the earth, air and water, which Æsop presented to us, inverted, in his fables, and which only recently has found forceful utterance in literature in "The Jungle Books," and in the poignant animal psychology (if that be a permissible term) of writers like Ernest Seaton-Thompson and W. A. Fraser.



Humor

THE *Century Magazine* makes special announcement of humorous features for the coming year, and the array of humorists presented is imposing in numbers and in variety of quality. The sign is a good one. Our magazines have been too solemn. They were lapsing into insipidity. Turning to humor must make them more valuable literature, for humor is the highest "criticism of life," from a standpoint of tolerance and sympathy. We can't have too much clean humor, for it is our only buffer against Fate.



The Reform Movement

WITHOUT doubt a general reform movement is well under way in many cities of the country. We have heard much of Golden Rule Jones, in Toledo, of Tom Johnson, in Cleveland, of Rolla Wells, in St. Louis, of Carter Harrison's startling desertion of the "gang" in Chicago, and now we have Seth Low chosen Mayor of New York, and Eugene Schmitz, a Union Labor violinist, elected triumphantly to the Mayoralty in San Francisco. The people in the cities are beginning to realize the folly of allowing the baser politicians to rule the municipalities. The people at large are beginning to understand, in some measure, the tyranny of political machines and their enormous costliness. The people, too, have come to realize the fact that the quasi public corporations in cities are a prime cause of tyrannous politicians and of lost revenue. In nearly every city, where there has been any reform work done, it has been work against the baleful political influence of public service corporations. The people don't want the property of such corporations confiscated. They don't want the officers or directors to be lynched. What the people do want is that these public service corporations shall pay for the privileges they enjoy, and make some compensation to the public for the right to serve the public by the use of public property. Then, too, the people of the cities are beginning to appreciate their cities more. They are tired of dirty streets and rickety public buildings. They are weary of the old method of neglecting appearances. They appreciate the cash value of cleanliness and beauty. They see no more reason why their city should be dilapidated than why their homes should be in like condition. Again there seems to be a general turning of the better sort of people toward municipal politics. There is a decided revolt against the rule of the ignorant and almost brutal elements of population. Men and women of education and breeding are finding that in fighting for municipal purification they are fighting for all the higher things. Along that line are to be obtained better sanitation, the obliteration of tenement evils, the rescue of children from the slums and the suppression of glaring vice. There has been of late years a civic awakening of wider import than many of us have suspected. The work of men like Jacob A. Riis, Josiah Flynt, Walter A. Wyckoff, Charles Mulford Robinson and others, in behalf of better moral and physical conditions in the cities, is beginning to have its effect upon the public. Men and women who love their kind are finding right at their own doors work more important than saving the heathen in savage lands. And even the people in the slums, even the ward heelers and pluggers are beginning to be aware of better things and to be amenable to reason. Even the municipal boodler of to-day is an improvement upon his predecessor of thirty, twenty, ten or even five years ago. There is not a city in the Union that is not steadily improving in the matter of government and it would seem that recently in all of them there has been a great spurt of public interest in public affairs, the popular

education on those subjects having reached a stage in which the appeal for reform was intelligently heard and rationally acted upon when good, new, clean men were offered as candidates. The reform movement in the cities is important. City politics have always been our worst politics. If they can be reformed all politics will be bettered. But, says some one, all this reform is only a spasm: it won't last. Maybe not; but anyhow the standard of public service in cities is set a little higher and it is made plain that it is exceedingly dangerous for any party to nominate any man for office against whom any ugly charge can be substantiated. The greatest benefits of reform movements are that they teach the politicians the power of the decent elements and make the machine less contemptuous of intelligent, reputable public opinion.

Litte.

SCIENTIFIC ASPECTS.

POLITICS.

BY CARLYLE SPENCER.

FROM the standpoint of science, politics, as a category, embraces everything which relates to the co-operative use of coercion. The only questions which can be scientifically considered as entering into politics are: (1) the extent of the coercion employed; (2) the motive and mode by which it is made operative; and (3) the results achieved through it.

The motives entering into all politics fall under two headings: (1) those which belong to the struggle for survival and to the effects of environment, and (2) those which are strictly individual or moral, resulting from reasoned consciousness, capable of suspending the operations of natural law through disinterestedness.

The motives of the second class are not capable of scientific analysis and do not properly belong to the domain of scientific investigation. They do not come under the general laws which govern the evolution of all animals including man. Disinterestedness, unselfishness and self-sacrifice, where they appear in politics at all, are a result of individual character, achieved through the resistance to natural law, which makes individual action possible in spite of the instinct of survival, the reproductive instinct, and the forces of heredity operating through individual and communal atavism, perpetuated under environment.

The political motives resulting from struggle for survival, from the reproductive instinct, from environment and from heredity, are capable of scientific analysis, and in man they belong as much to natural history as do the related habits of the lower animals.

The love of locality, or attachment to birth-place and the regions immediately adjacent to it, is a necessary effect of environment more or less operative on all animals, though only the higher mammalia seem to be conscious of it. Consciousness of it, unquestionably exists in birds, though to a less extent, than in those animals whose organization approaches more nearly to the human. Its existence, whether conscious or not, is a necessary result of environment on the animal under his limitations. Born into a certain place and subjected to its natural conditions, he is so impressed by them that sudden transference to a different environment may prevent, or threaten to prevent, survival.

In the anthropoid man this attachment to locality, with all the ideas and habits it entails, is strong. Only when survival under the environment into which he is born, is threatened, does the anthropoid man change his habitat.

From these conditions originate the first of the animal virtues of politics—patriotism, in its sense of attachment to the locality of birth as the environment most suitable for survival.

Accompanying the evolution of the instinct of patriotism in the anthropoid man, there is the closely related instinct of the necessity for co-operation to hold possession of, and use to the best advantage, the environment in which the conditions of survival seem most favorable.

All the ordinary phenomena of politics, even in the most complex societies, are explainable from these two definitions.

The instinct of patriotism and of the necessity for co-operation have developed so nearly together and so clearly as a result of the same forces, that it is impossible to say which preceded the other, nor is it material to inquire. The anthropoid man is forced by the real or imagined necessity of survival to endeavor to defend the habitat in which he is born and to co-operate with others in defending or improving it so that survival in it will remain possible or become more easily so. It will be remarked here that these primary instincts are well-developed in nearly all the other carnivorous animals as they are in man. The less gregarious carnivora are so fierce as to be incapable of co-operation to defend their habitat, but men and wolves are alike capable of the rudiments of the politics which arise from the struggle to survive under the pressure of environment.

From the earliest stages of his known history, the anthropoid man is a gregarious animal, attached to his habitat through the severe limitation of his intellect, but capable of escaping these restrictions in the measure in which he is capable of co-operating with others of the grex or mass, without the immediate application of coercion.

Back of this stage lies an unknown stage of "anarchy," or action without regard to the desirability of co-operation. This may be scientifically assumed to have existed, though the evidence of it is not historical. Gregariousness in the anthropoid man necessarily begins with the single animal, reproducing himself and defending his offspring—in other words, with the family. But wherever men, even in the lowest known stage, are found with no other organization than that of the single family, it is clearly a result of atavistic reaction, and it is a phenomenon of the anthropoid instinct of gregarious co-operation that there is always a tendency to apply a maximum of coercion against all such as thus refuse to fall in with what may happen to be the existing scheme of co-operative gregariousness.

In the politics of the lowest grex or tribe of men just emerging from the anthropoid state, are laid bare the permanent political forces which persist in the most complex societies.

Fear and the desire for a maximum of comfort under the conditions of environment, are the ruling motives of co-operation, as the primary motives of resistance to it are acquisitiveness and the desire to attain a condition of comfort greater than that of the average attained by the grex or tribe.

These motives are clearly and easily reducible to the primary animal sensations. Their first development in law is the duty imposed on members of a family to punish all attempts against it which threaten its survival.

We have this first development authentically traced in the Icelandic sagas, which illustrate the primitive habits of the ancestors of a majority of the people of the United States, whether Teutonic, Scandinavian or "Anglo-Saxon."

The persistent cold of Iceland and the difficulty of communicating with each other, threw its early "Norse" settlers back, almost, to the original stage of anarchy. They retained, however, hereditary ideas of co-operation through law—that is through prescribed regulation—which had come down to them from ancestors more favorably situated for co-operation.

Where a wrong done to a member of a family was not avenged by its other members, they were held to be disgraced. If, however, the person who had done the wrong could escape and present himself at the annual gathering called the "Althing," or general assembly of the people, he would be judged by the law of the tribe as a whole, that is by tribal customs interpreted by men chosen for that purpose. The family wronged was under obligation to accept this decision, and it had neither the duty of punishing nor the right to inflict punishment after the judgment had been rendered.

At this stage when the right and duty of the family to

punish wrongs to its members is surrendered to the community, we have the beginning of the persistent forces of politics as they are manifested in all the more complex forms of gregarious co-operation.

When the power of coercion is once lodged in the community, the immediate and enduring question is of who shall be coerced and why and to what extent. Above these questions, politics can never rise under the operations of merely natural law. Motives which influence or control, beyond these, may be scientifically and accurately classed as supernatural, though, obviously, they are not superhuman, since the capacity to attain reasoned self-consciousness, self-control and the possibility of self-devotion are clearly human, and are made possible by evolution under natural law, though never explainable by it.

The first of the purposes for which it is clearly recognized, at all stages of animal evolution, that a maximum of coercion may be used by the community, is that of patriotism—the defense of the habitat against attack from without. It calls into play all the destructive forces of the primary animal sensations, and no real limit has ever been set to it. When it is said, *inter arma silent leges* it means scientifically that all regulation has been removed from the primal instinct of destructiveness in the struggle for survival. The maximum of coercion is thus recognized at all stages of gregarious co-operation as necessary or advisable against those who attack from without. This sums up the foreign policy of the animal man. The false pretenses which lead to the use of this coercive power of the grex, where it is not necessary for survival, and where no change of environment is compelled for survival, do not come within the scope of the operations of natural law. They are reactions below it, due to the development of self-consciousness without self-control and are subnatural in the same sense that moral virtues, not necessary for survival, are supernatural.

When an aggregation of tribes has become a nation the most important question of its politics is of the amount of coercion and the cases in which coercion shall be used against minorities and single persons.

When the primitive organization of a single despotic head, derived from the family, has given place to the attempt at representation of the wishes of all, it soon becomes clear that this attempt can be only approximately successful.

The question of all politics, under such conditions, and the only question, becomes that of the extent of the coercion to be applied against minorities of one person or more, and of the occasion for its application.

Salus populi suprema lex esto—"let the safety of the people be the supreme law"—is the baldest possible expression of the scientific definition of the animal law of struggle for survival. Under it, in all ages, those who have been either greatly superior or greatly inferior to the majority, or to those who held the coercive power of the majority, have been sacrificed—as, under the operations of natural law, they must be in the future. Natural law, as it operates through the primary human sensations, is equally inimical to that atavism or to that evolution which makes any given character unintelligible to the rest.

The inevitable attempt of majorities is to secure regulations which will protect them against atavism greater than their own and against superior intelligence in the minority.

The effect of all law and of all co-operative use of the power of coercion through force or the threat of it, is to create two distinct oligarchies—the one which saves and the other which destroys the co-operative system for which law stands at any given stage of evolution.

The destructive oligarchy, necessarily created by laws of increasing coerciveness, consists of those who have attained superior intelligence on the basis of the primary sensations—who have the animal appetites and desires, controlled only for the purpose of promoting personal survival, personal comfort, and the survival and comfort of those to whom attachment is felt under the operations of the reproductive instinct.

A high degree of animal intelligence is capable of being evolved by the operation of the primary sensations in the struggle for survival.

This primary intelligence is frequently far beyond the powers of analysis possessed by the community at large, and the occasion for the greater number of coercive laws is the desire to restrict this oligarchy of the more intelligent, who, with their superior intelligence, have the average selfishness or atavism.

Every coercive regulation necessarily creates two general classes—those who are above and those who are below the level of intelligence which it embodies. As it becomes more severe in its coercion, the number of those who are far enough above its level of intelligence to evade it, decreases, and their power to use its coercion against those of lower intelligence whom it binds increases in the measure in which their superior intelligence is accompanied by average or superior selfishness.

The penalties of every law, expressing the average intelligence of the mass, thus create an oligarchy of those whose intelligence is above it, in the measure in which it seeks to subject them, through legal coercion, to an intelligence lower than their own, accompanied by a selfishness less intelligent than their own.

A second oligarchy, created by coercive legislation representing the average intelligence, is that of those who are above the average intelligence and also above the average selfishness, (atavism.) It is only as these influence the course of politics that its phenomena are not scientifically reducible to those of the primary animal sensations. It is only as individuals of this class concede all that is demanded of them by the less intelligent majority and then give more without coercion, or the threat of it, that the moral element enters, or can enter, into politics at any stage of evolutionary development. In the most searching analysis of politics ever made, those who would escape atavism are told that they can do so only by conceding all that it demands through coercion and by going beyond it—by using their superior intelligence to give inferior intelligence more than it asked or could ask; by going twain when forced by lower intelligence to go the single mile. Though the results of such a course clearly do not belong to science and are clearly incapable of identification with the phenomena of the struggle for survival and pressure of environment, it is equally clear that there can be no other possible method of escaping what are the inhering atavisms and enduring natural laws which govern in and through politics.

OUR CITY HOMES.

BY LOUIS MULLGARDT.

THE majority of residences in St. Louis have been built so near the sidewalk that there is left mere patches of sward which we fondly call lawns or terraces. Our back yards are from four to six times as large as our lawns or terraces. What do we use all this space in the back yard for, that we should deprive our front lawns of it?

Large back yards with coal sheds and ash-pits are as unsightly as they are unhealthy. They not only establish a home for rats and stray cats, but they become breeding places for germs of many diseases. Large back yards become general storage places for discarded articles, old lumber and rubbish.

A coal shed in the back yard is as needless as it is unsightly; the basement should be made to contain the coal. The conventional brick ash-pit, a St. Louis product, is a great menace to health and cleanliness, an unsightly receptacle and a great producer of clouds of scattering ashes. The utility and consequent value of a residence property is greatly diminished if it does not produce the comfort and happiness that it is capable of, because the greater unoccupied area of the estate is given to a back yard, which is largely devoted to useless purposes, and is therefore wasted.

A large back yard creates a small front lawn; this

brings the home just so much nearer to the public walk and to the noise of street traffic,—which is objectionable. A narrow lawn precludes the possibility of raising a decent sward, or the growing of respectable shade trees. It further detracts from the dignity and grace of an architectural design, because it does not fulfill the requirement of providing a sufficient setting or foreground to the structure, for the purpose of lending repose. The narrow lawn precludes those comforts and delightful social features that may be enjoyed on a fair sized lawn during the foliage seasons. The result is, that we are compelled to confine ourselves to narrow stoops, hot rooms, and the street cars, or to make long stays away from our homes during the summer season.

A narrow lawn means that much which transpires in the front part of the home must remain distinctly observable from the public sidewalk and street. Narrow lawns also give the street a narrow appearance, since the two rows of buildings on the opposite sides of the street are brought into closer proximity to each other; furthermore, the architectural perspective is made very severe, and the irregularities in design and style become more conglomerate and inseparable.

The question of practical importance is, what shall be done about the back yard? We will not erect the rear facade of our homes on the alley line, and, *ipso facto*, the intervening space becomes a back yard. The question of distance between alley and rear house-line has not been, nor is it to-day, regarded as an important factor in locating the house on the lot. We begin, instead, at the street front, and ask, how near will the law permit us to locate our building to the public sidewalk. The result is, that we have overmuch back yard, and a scarcity of front lawn.

The back yard properly belongs to the kitchen and laundry. It may be used for sweeping rugs, cleaning furniture and for household odds and ends, with a certain space set aside for garbage pails and refuse receptacles. There should be no coal sheds or ash-pits. All coal should be kept in coal bins provided in the basement, and all ashes should be put, direct from the furnace and range, into metal ash cans. The contents may be emptied direct into the ash wagon at required intervals, after being moistened.

To-day we draw the ashes from the furnace and the range, and put them into—say scuttles,—thence they are carried to the back yard and dumped into an ash-pit, during which a considerable percentage finds lodgment all over the premises. In the course of time the ash man comes with his cart, and shovels the ashes from the pit into his cart, raising another, larger cloud of penetrating dust.

If any part of the rear of the premises is to be used for stabling horses, then the home must be set proportionately forward to make room for such a structure; but as most families do not keep horses, and many that do prefer to keep them in a boarding stable, the percentage of private stables is relatively small, and will cause only a small percentage of the residences built, to be set proportionately nearer to the public sidewalk. The principal rational uses of a back yard are, primarily that of laundry drying; secondly, a place to set garbage and refuse receptacles, thirdly, for cleaning household articles; fourthly, for a sort of receiving and shipping space for everything brought into the house from the rear alley. For such uses, the back yard should be cement paved and properly drained, so that it can be easily flooded with hose, scoured and swept, and thereby kept in a thoroughly sanitary and rat-proof condition. It then offers a pleasant outlook for the rear rooms, and will have a wholesome influence upon the kitchen, even to the things served on the family table. Instead of enclosing the back yard with a solid board fence six feet or so high, construct a strong fence of open lattice or picket work. This allows a freer circulation of air, and improves the view, especially if the fence be decorated by means of a few interlaced vines.

What is the advantage in setting a residence back from the street? It establishes a large foreground to the home, which can be appropriately arranged into a formal or rambling garden, or it may contain a trellis arbor, or a pergola of rustic or classic design, leading up to a broad veranda, or an avenue of shade trees, with a green lawn, framed with a low hedge or a low stone or brick wall, or iron fence, all depending upon practical requirements. If a lot is of sufficient width, the trees might be so

arranged as to leave ample space for the setting up of a portable canvas shelter during the out-of-door seasons of the year.

A house should be set back as far as possible, the distance being governed by the actual space required in the back yard. In setting the house back from the street line it gives the home a certain air of exclusiveness and dignity. It takes us away from the noise and dust of the street and public walk. It prohibits public observation of matters not intended for the eye of the public. It gives us a beautiful green sward, trees, hedges, flowers, in short a respectable bit of delightful nature to gaze upon from our veranda or from our windows. It also gives the passers-by a prettier picture of the home. If the exterior of our home is unfortunate in its conception, due, we will say, to the architect's execrable taste, then it is a blessing to be able to conceal or disguise the fact by interposing heavy foliage, so that beauty is left to our ever abiding faith and imagination. If the exterior of our home was designed by a master, who knew, then our garden or lawn, with its veil of delicate foliage, will dignify the ensemble, and give the place an air of sweet repose.

Our city homes, too frequently, lack a spirit of true repose. Where this is the case, the fault is generally ascribable, firstly, to the character of the design, which affects the monumental; secondly, to the lack of proper foreground and partial concealment by means of foliage or otherwise. Whether the home is designed on monumental lines or not, it must have repose, for without repose it lacks homelikeness, and inclines to the general aspect of a public building, which is highly undesirable in a residence.

The temptation to locate a residence as near to the public sidewalk as the law admits, is evidenced in nearly every residence street or semi-private place; one house vies with the other in an apparent effort to stand protrudingly bold and brazenly forward, apparently fearing that its beauty might remain obscured. The result is unfortunate. The dignity and grace of a good design are largely defeated, through lack of repose, because a reasonable foreground is absent.

Assuming that the majority, if not all, of the residences on a thoroughfare are set back from the sidewalk a distance of from forty to sixty feet, the various lawns being planted with grass, shrubs, flowers, hedges, trees and vines, adorned with trellises, pagodas and pergolas of classic and and rustic design; then we see before us a delightful area of verdure, backed up by charming residences, of design and proportion, perhaps quite as they are to-day, but much more beautiful to the eye.

The difficulty with which we are met to-day is that due to present improved methods of sidewalk and street construction. We are no longer able to make trees grow along the public walk, because they do not receive proper nourishment through the impenetrable asphalt or concrete construction. If, however, we build our homes back from the sidewalk at a desirable distance, we give greater scope for lawns and gardens and arboreal effects and thus may add to the possibilities of comfort and beauty in our daily lives.

TWO LITTLE SCHOOLMAMS.

BY ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

A SIGNAL triumph has just been won by two Chicago school-teachers over the most powerful corporations of that city; and the more fully the details of the struggle become known, the more remarkable their victory appears.

The appropriations for schools in Chicago have long been inadequate, and whenever the Board of Education needed \$1,000,000 or \$2,000,000 for any purpose, it has been in the habit of deducting it from the teachers' salaries. A few years ago about four thousand of the six thousand teachers in Chicago organized a Teachers' Federation. Having reason to believe that the shortage of money was due to the fact that most of the large corporations were evading their legal taxes, they appointed two young teachers, Miss Margaret Haley and Miss Catherine Goggin, a committee to investigate. Then, as the Boston *Journal of Education* says, "the battle royal began between two little schoolmams and all the most powerful corporations and trusts in the State combined."

The women's inquiries revealed a most extraordinary state of things. Up to 1875, the railroads of Illinois had

been assessed an annual tax on their franchises. In 1874, the assessment was \$31,000,000; in 1875, only \$22,000,000; and from 1875 to the present time, they have not been assessed at all. In 1874, the franchises of the two little horsecar lines, which Chicago then had, were taxed at \$1,000,000; but in 1899, the franchises of the seven hundred miles of electric and cable car lines in Chicago were not taxed a cent. About 1875 the railroads, apparently, found out that it was cheaper to bribe the officials whose duty it was to apportion their taxes than it was to pay the tax. Other corporations found out the same thing. Of twenty-three large corporations that the teachers investigated, the majority were not assessed at all, and the others were assessed on only a small fraction of their actual property. These twenty-three corporations were the gas and coke company, the telephone company, an electric company, and twenty street railway companies.

The women tried to induce the officials, whose duty it was to tax these corporations, to tax them. Finding that they were in league with the tax-dodgers and were determined not to comply with the law, the women engaged an able lawyer and took legal action to compel the officials to do their duty. The corporations fought hard; they exhausted every resource of evasion and delay; they appealed the case up from court to court; but the law was clear and the evidence of fraud overwhelming, and the Supreme Court of Illinois had ruled that they must pay. The decision will add millions every year to the revenues of Chicago. Hereafter there will be money enough to keep the schools open the full term and to pay the teachers their salaries. All the other municipalities in Illinois will also profit by the decision.

Are not those two plucky young women worthy of the ballot?

HOW TO INVEST YOUR MONEY.

PRINCIPLES WHICH SHOULD GOVERN THE PURCHASE OF SECURITIES.

A LARGE proportion of the people who have money to invest, have (in the opinion of the *Wall Street Journal*) very little knowledge of the principles that should guide them in selecting investments. Such people appear to think that the stock of a corporation must necessarily be good and that a neatly engraved certificate is evidence of value, without much regard to the names printed thereon. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Once in a while there is an invention or an enterprise presented in a corporate form which proves very profitable to the promoters and their associates, but these are exceptions. As a rule, enterprises are slow of development. New undertakings are for men who are willing to risk a small part of their capital on the theory that if one in five or six ventures succeeds they can afford to lose what is put into the remainder. This is not investment, but the most venturesome form of speculation. It is a safe rule for an investor to keep out of undertakings which have not been tested by time and proved profitable over a period of years.

But, it will be said, this prevents investors making profits, because appreciation will have come before they buy. Very true. And this marks the difference between investment and speculation. The investor should not attempt to take risks and should concern himself wholly with the question of the safety of his principal. This will ordinarily keep the return on his investment between 4 per cent and 5 per cent. An attempt to get more is a willingness to take some speculative risk.

This will not generally pay in the long run. It is the almost uniform testimony of investors on a considerable scale that their attempts to get more than a legitimate investment return have not been profitable; that while they have received 6 per cent or 7 per cent on investments, they have sooner or later lost enough of the principal in some such investment to bring the average return back to or below the normal rate.

Ask shrewd men in Wall street, whose whole study is of securities, what kind of investments they hold. They will enumerate a list of first class railway bonds, gilt-edged investment stocks, municipal bonds and securities, few of which are returning them over 4½ per cent. If the experts in this business do this, what is to be thought of an outside investor who puts his money into industrial common stocks, non-dividend railway stocks, mining stocks and new ventures? It simply means that the outsider who

may call himself an investor is an extremely ignorant and reckless speculator, almost certain to lose.

If people wish to speculate they should trade in active speculative stocks, but if they wish to make investments, they should let speculative stocks alone. It is the exceptional stock which can be regarded as an investment for anybody, because the directors of corporations are under no obligation to pay dividends on stock unless they think conditions warrant them in doing so. Many stocks receive dividends regularly, but a vastly greater number receive dividends irregularly or not at all.

The difference between a stock and a bond is radical. A bond is evidence of a mortgage. The bondholder is a creditor of the company, and if the company does not pay interest on the bond, the bondholders take possession of the property covered by the mortgage and sell it or operate it for their own benefit. The stockholders have no rights whatever in a proceeding of this kind, and are generally obliged to pay assessments in order not to lose their stock altogether.

An investor in railway securities should, in nine cases out of ten, buy bonds instead of stocks. But there is a very great distinction in bonds. Some are good beyond all question, some are probably good, some are uncertain and some are obviously bad.

There are two points to be considered in regard to bonds: the priority of lien and the margin of safety. Priority of lien means that where a road has several issues of bonds, one is entitled to its interests in preference to another. Margin of safety means the earnings in excess of the amount required to pay interest on either one bond or all the bonds, as the case may be.

Suppose a man were thinking of buying a real estate mortgage on a farm and he found on investigation that there was a small first mortgage on the farm amounting to one-quarter of the value of the property; then a second mortgage and a third mortgage, each covering about one-quarter of the total value; then a general mortgage covering the remaining quarter and whatever miscellaneous value there might be in excess of the three prior mortgages; then a collateral trust mortgage covering the stock and the farm implements, and finally some debenture bonds which were simply a promise to pay, secured by nothing, and then an amount of stock about equal in value to all the bonds put together. It would not take the ordinary investor long to decide that the first and second mortgages were the only ones he wanted. This is exactly what occurs in a railway property, and there should be just the same discrimination as to respective merits.

It is a safe rule for an investor to buy bonds of roads which can pay all fixed charges in average years with 60 per cent. or perhaps, 65 per cent of the net earnings. In bad times the margin of safety might fall to perhaps 10 per cent. and the price of the bonds might fall with the diminishing margin of safety, but with better times the margin of safety would rise again and the price of the bonds recover.

An investor who buys bonds on this showing should, however, keep a general watch of the property of which he is a creditor to see that conditions do not greatly change. A railroad which last year paid all charges with 60 per cent of net earnings might, by large extensions or guarantees of other roads or the lease of unprofitable property, see its fixed charges run up to 70 or 80 per cent of its net income. And in such a case the prudent investor would sell his bonds and reinvest elsewhere, on the ground that the policy of the management was unsatisfactory.

There are stocks which have so large a margin of safety over dividends as to be comparatively safe, but the danger in such cases is greater than in bonds and the speculative element is almost always present. As a whole, railway stocks or bonds are safer than industrial stocks or bonds, and there is nothing more speculative than an industrial stock of large volume and scattered holdings.

An industrial stock in small volume owned by a few people who are personally carrying on the business may be a very good investment, where the investor knows personally the people engaged in the business and is in a position to keep some general track of the business itself. Mining stocks, oil stocks and new ventures of that class, while sometimes meritorious, are always more or less uncertain and should be purchased only on the ground that the buyer can afford to lose the money risked, because, in a large proportion of cases, the money will be lost, not necessarily on account of fraud on the part of the promoters of the

enterprise, but because a large proportion of all enterprises and all ventures go wrong from one cause or another. A safe principal and a low rate of interest should be the unalterable maxim of the investor.

THE BUGLES OF DREAMLAND.

BY FIONA MCLEOD.

SWIFTLY the dews of the gloaming are falling;
Faintly the bugles of Dreamland are calling.
O hearken, my darling, the elf-flutes are blowing,
The shining-eyed folk from the hillside are flowing,
I' the moonshine the wild-apple blossoms are snowing,
And louder and louder, where the white dews are falling,
The far-away bugles of Dreamland are calling.

O what are the bugles of Dreamland calling,
There where the dews of the gloaming are falling?
Come away from the weary old world of tears,
Come away, come away to where one never hears
The slow, weary drip of the slow, weary years,
But peace and deep rest till the white dews are falling
And the blithe bugle-laughters through Dreamland are calling.

Then bugle for us, where the cool dews are falling,
O bugle for us, wild elf-flutes now calling—
For Heart's-love and I are too weary to wait
For the dim, drowsy whisper that cometh too late,
The dim, muffled whisper of blind, empty fate—
O the world's well lost, now the dream dews are falling
And the bugles of Dreamland about us are calling.

THE BOX OF STOCKINGS.

THE peachy chorus girl who stood on the end of the first row had just received a most peculiar present—a dozen beautiful silk stockings in a box—and it was anonymous. The peachy chorus girl was used to flowers, diamonds and even pearls; but they were never anonymous. And the very idea of stockings! It was absurd! Still, they were very pretty, with double woven heels, and the box had a Paris label.

She felt sure that the particular admirer who had sent them would come around and look unconscious in a couple of days. Men who send things anonymously always do.

Finally, a Johnnie that she knew admired her called one afternoon, and she eyed him closely while she told him of the hosiery.

He smiled and winked in a knowing way.

"Did they fit?" he asked. He kept on looking knowing when she said she hadn't tried them on yet.

A Wall street broker who had become known as The Friend of the Chorus, through his generous tips on the market, took her to supper the next night, and she said that she hated to get anonymous presents, and that if she knew who had sent her the stockings she would send them right back.

He laughed in an amused way over his champagne.

"Why, didn't they fit?" he asked, and he laughed again.

She told him she didn't intend to try them on until the man who sent them apologized. He still seemed amused. He said it was more fun to send things anonymously.

The next day the musical director of the company, who was a high roller with proteges among the chorus, whom he intended to help along in their art, called in to run over a little song that he had arranged for her to do alone.

She pouted as she told him the story, as though it were a grievance. She thought it was horrid, she said. And every man she spoke to about it asked her if they fitted, and she couldn't tell who had really sent them.

"I am sure no one intended them as an affront," he said.

"Don't you like them?"

"Oh, they're pretty enough," she admitted.

"Well, do they fit?" he inquired; "you see it's so difficult for a fellow to know!"

That day she had a letter from her sister in Syracuse saying that she had sent her a box of stockings, on the way from the French steamer to the train, while in New York, and she hoped they were all right. She had only just had time to write to her about them. She didn't say anything about whether they fitted or not.

Town Topics.

CHICAGO'S NEW LUTHER.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

THE Rev. Jeremiah J. Crowley, the excommunicated Catholic priest, to whom I devoted some space in last week's MIRROR, is after me now, with fire in his eye. He insists that there were only seven pistols in his house at Oregon. Further he demands by what right I insinuated that he was, or is, irresponsible.

"I really think you're crazy," said I, with an effort at diplomacy which made his blue eyes bulge. We were standing in the hall just outside the holy place of the *Record-Herald's* editor and the good priest, for crazy or otherwise, he is a good man and a good priest, was voicing his wrath in thunderous words.

"Crazy!" he bellowed, "What do you mean, sir?"

"I just mean that any lone individual, right or wrong, who undertakes to 'fight back' at the holy Roman Catholic church must be a 'bug,' Father. You can't do it. They've got you scotched. You can't even get your letters to Archbishop Feehan. The Pope has probably never heard of you and never will. You may have been a good priest—I believe you were—but you made the unpardonable *faux pas* of scandalizing your own brethren before high heaven. The authorities of your church never forgive *lese majeste* the rank and file of the faithful don't believe you and it won't help you to convince the rest of the world. You are pouring water on the Rock and you will not live to see an impression worn upon its surface of adamant."

To this Father Crowley replied by handing me his "appeal" to all loyal Catholics and others who hold in losing reverence the good name of Christ's Church. "Print it in the MIRROR," he asked. "I have good Catholic friends there with whom you may have injured me."

The appeal is rather too long to print in full. He says that, in protest against the bitter ban upon him, the brand of the outcast, his exclusion from the services and ministrations of the church, his taboo among his fellow priests and all Catholic believers, in whom it is proclaimed a sin of the mortal sort "to extend to him those simple offices of humanity which may, without offense be offered to the vilest of God's creatures," he knows nowhere, short of God's mercy, to turn for redress, except it be to his fellow-churchmen, fellow Christians and fellow-men. Then he submits a series of letters of recommendation from the President and Dean of Carlow College, Ireland, where he studied and was ordained, from the Bishop of Manchester N. H., the Bishop of Cork, Ireland, from Canon Shinkwin, Bantry, Ireland, from the Cardinal Primate of all Ireland, Logue, at Armagh, from the Bishop of Raphoe, Donegal, from Professor Maguire of Maynooth College and others. There letters are not ordinary, perfunctory recommendations and approval. They are exceptionally strong in praise of the priest's character and conduct.

Father Crowley declares that, in the face of such letters, it is not probable that he should have turned reprobate all at once. He does not know what is the real offence for which he is being proceeded against, but he believes that offense is this: "I have directed the eyes of the authorities of the church to the existence of lechery, drunkenness and crime among the clergy. I have struggled to prevent the holy offices of baptism, of marriage, of the Blessed Sacrament, of the confessional, from being administered by men of impure hands and wicked hearts. Shall I be fated to say, as said Pope Gregory VII, the great Hildebrand: 'I hate iniquity. I love justice. Therefore, I die an exile.'" Father Crowley asserts he is being defamed by those "at whose command lie wealth and worldly influence almost unlimited," and he asks a suspension of judgment until he can be heard at Rome and have his cause adjudged. He believes himself to be "the humble instrument in God's hand, not only for the purging of His church, but to aid toward the establishment of purity, truth and justice among men." He says that his "so-called excommunication is null and void." He is condemned without a trial and he quotes from Smith's Ecclesiastical Law in support of the claim that his right of self-defence has been violated.

Some of the Protestant preachers and editors of Chicago and elsewhere think they see in Rev. Jeremiah Crowley a new Martin Luther. What Catholics think it is difficult to say, although, probably, nine-tenths of them believe him crazy. Still he has, as I have said, not a little backing

among other priests in the Chicago diocese, one of whom said to me, when asked for a statement: "The church must be a divine institution. If it were not, the conduct of some of its priests would have destroyed it long ago." Nevertheless and notwithstanding, one thing is certain. Father Crowley will be crushed. He cannot remain in the church unless he repent.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10th, 1901.

AES TRIPLEX.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE changes wrought by death are in themselves so sharp and final, and so terrible and melancholy in their consequences, that the thing stands alone in man's experience, and has no parallel upon earth. It outdoes all other accidents because it is the last of them. Sometimes it leaps suddenly upon its victims, like a Thug; sometimes it lays a regular siege and creeps upon their citadel during a score of years. And when the business is done, there is sore havoc made in other people's lives, and a pin knocked out by which many subsidiary friendships hung together. There are empty chairs, solitary walks, and single beds at night. Again in taking away our friends death does not take them away utterly, but leaves behind a mocking, tragical, and soon intolerable residue, which must be hurriedly concealed. Hence a whole chapter of sights and customs striking to the mind, from the pyramids of Egypt to the gibbets and dule trees of mediæval Europe. The poorest persons have a bit of pageant going towards the tomb; memorial stones are set up over the least memorable; and, in order to preserve some show of respect for what remains of our old loves and friendships, we must accompany it with much grimly ludicrous ceremonial, and the hired undertaker parades before the door. All this, and much more of the same sort, accompanied by the eloquence of poets, has gone a great way to put humanity in error; nay, in many philosophies the error has been embodied and laid down with every circumstance of logic; although in real life the bustle and swiftness, in leaving people little time to think, have not left them time enough to go dangerously wrong in practice.

As a matter of fact, although few things are spoken of with more fearful whisperings than this prospect of death, few have less influence on conduct under healthy circumstances. We have all heard of cities in South America, built upon the side of fiery mountains, and how, even in this tremendous neighborhood, the inhabitants are not a jot more impressed by the solemnity of mortal conditions than if they were delving gardens in the greenest corner of England. There are serenades and suppers and much gallantry among the myrtles overhead, and meanwhile the foundation shudders underfoot, the bowels of the mountain growl, and at any moment living ruin may leap sky-high into the moonlight, and tumble man and his merrymaking in the dust. In the eyes of very young people, and very dull old ones, there is something indescribably reckless and desperate in such a picture. It seems not credible that respectable married people, with umbrellas, should find appetite for a bit of supper within quite a long distance of a fiery mountain; ordinary life begins to smell of high-handed debauch when it is carried on so close to a catastrophe; and even cheese and salad, it seems, could hardly be relished in such circumstances without something like a defiance of the Creator. It should be a place for nobody but hermits dwelling in prayer and maceration, or mere born-devils drowning care in a perpetual carouse.

And yet, when one comes to think upon it calmly, the situation of these South American citizens forms only a very pale figure for the state of ordinary mankind. This world itself, traveling blindly and swiftly in overcrowded space, among a million other worlds traveling blindly and swiftly in contrary directions, may very well come by a knock that would set it into explosion like a penny squib. And what, pathologically looked at, is the human body, with all its organs, but a mere bagful of petards? The least of these is as dangerous to the whole economy as the ship's powder-magazine to the ship; and with every breath we breathe, and every meal we eat, we are putting one or more of them in peril. If we clung as devotedly as some philosophers pretend we do to the abstract idea of life, or were half as frightened as they make out we are for the subversive accident that ends it all, the trumpets might sound

by the hour and no one would follow them into battle—the blue-peter might fly at the truck, but who would climb into a sea-going ship? Think (if these philosophers were right) with what a preparation of spirit we should affront the daily peril of the dinner-table: a deadlier spot than any battle-field in history, where the far greater proportion of our ancestors have miserably left their bones! What woman would ever be lured into marriage, so much more dangerous than the wildest sea? And what would it be to grow old? For, after a certain distance, every step we take in life we find the ice growing thinner below our feet, and all around us and behind us we see our contemporaries going through. By the time a man gets well into the seventies, his continued existence is a mere miracle; and when he lays his old bones in bed for the night, there is an overwhelming probability that he will never see the day. Do the old men mind it, as a matter of fact? Why, no. They were never merrier; they have their grog at night, and tell the raciest stories; they hear of the death of people about their own age, or even younger, not as if it was a grisly warning, but with a simple, childlike pleasure at having outlived some one else; and when a draught might puff them out like a gutting candle, or a bit of a stumble shatter them like so much glass, their old hearts keep sound and unafraid, and they go on, bubbling with laughter, through years of man's age compared to which the valley at Balaklava was as safe and peaceful as a village cricket-green on Sunday. It may fairly be questioned (if we look to the peril only) whether it was a much more daring feat for Curtius to plunge into the gulf, than for any old gentleman of ninety to doff his clothes and clamber into bed.

Indeed, it is a memorable subject for consideration, with what unconcern and gayety mankind pricks on along the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The whole way is one wilderness of snares, and the end of it, for those who fear the last pinch, is irrevocable ruin. And yet we go spinning through it all, like a party for the Derby. Perhaps the reader remembers one of the humorous devices of the deified Caligula: how he encouraged a vast concourse of holiday-makers on to his bridge over Baie bay; and when they were in the height of their enjoyment, turned loose the Prætorian guards among the company, and had them tossed into the sea. This is no bad miniature of the dealings of nature with the transitory race of man. Only, what a checkered picnic we have of it, even while it lasts! and into what great waters, not to be crossed by any swimmer, God's pale Prætorian throws us over in the end!

We live the time that a match flickers; we pop the cork of a ginger-beer bottle, and the earthquake swallows us on the instant. Is it not odd, is it not incongruous, is it not, in the highest sense of human speech, incredible, that we should think so highly of the ginger-beer, and regard so little the devouring earthquake? The love of Life and the fear of death are two famous phrases that grow harder to understand the more we think about them. It is a well-known fact that an immense proportion of boat accidents would never happen if people held the sheet in their hands instead of making it fast; and yet, unless it be some martinet of a professional mariner, or some landsman with shattered nerves, every one of God's creatures makes it fast. A strange instance of man's unconcern and brazen boldness in the face of death!

We confound ourselves with metaphysical phrases, which we import into daily talk with noble inappropriateness. We have no idea of what death is, apart from its circumstances and some of its consequences to others; and although we have some experience of living, there is not a man on earth who has flown so high into abstraction as to have any practical guess at the meaning of the word *life*. All literature, from Job and Omar Khayyam to Thomas Carlyle or Walt Whitman, is but an attempt to look upon the human state with such largeness of view as shall enable us to rise from the consideration of living to the Definition of Life. And our sages give us about the best satisfaction in their power when they say that it is a vapor, or a show, or made out of the same stuff with dreams. Philosophy, in its more rigid sense, has been at the same work for ages; and after a myriad bald heads have wagged over the problem, and piles of words have been heaped one upon another into dry and cloudy volumes without end, philosophy has the honor of laying before us, with modest pride, her contribution towards the subject: that life is a Permanent Possibility of Sensation. Truly a fine result! A man may very well love beef, or hunting, or a woman; but surely, surely, not a

The Mirror

Permanent Possibility of Sensation! He may be afraid of a precipice, or a dentist, or a large enemy with a club, or even an undertaker's man; but not certainly of abstract death. We may trick with the word life in its dozen senses until we are weary of tricking; we may argue in terms of all the philosophies on earth, but one fact remains true throughout—that we do not love life, in the sense that we are greatly preoccupied about its conservation; that we do not, properly speaking, love life at all, but living. Into the views of the least careful there will enter some degree of providence; no man's eyes are fixed entirely on the passing hour; but although we have some anticipation of good health, good weather, wine, active employment, love, and self-approval, the sum of these anticipations does not amount to anything like a general view of life's possibilities and issues; nor are those who cherish them most vividly at all the most scrupulous of their personal safety. To be deeply interested in the accidents of our existence, to enjoy keenly the mixed texture of human experience, rather leads a man to disregard precautions, and risk his neck against a straw. For surely the love of living is stronger in an Alpine climber roping over a peril, or a hunter riding merrily at a stiff fence, than in a creature who lives upon a diet and walks a measured distance in the interest of his constitution.

There is a great deal of very vile nonsense talked upon both sides of the matter: tearing divines reducing life to the dimensions of a mere funeral procession, so short as to be hardly decent; and melancholy unbelievers yearning for the tomb as if it were a world too far away. Both sides must feel a little ashamed of their performances, now and again, when they draw in their chairs to dinner. Indeed, a good meal and a bottle of wine is an answer to most standard works upon the question. When a man's heart warms to his viands, he forgets a great deal of sophistry, and soars into a rosy zone of contemplation. Death may be knocking at the door, like the Commander's statue; we have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock. Passing-bells are ringing all the world over. All the world over, and every hour, some one is parting company with all his aches and ecstasies. For us also the trap is laid. But we are so fond of life that we have no leisure to entertain the terror of death. It is a honeymoon with us all through, and none of the longest. Small blame to us if we give our whole hearts to this glowing bride of ours, to the appetites, to honor, to the hungry curiosity of the mind, to the pleasure of the eyes in nature, and the pride of our own nimble bodies.

We all of us appreciate the sensations; but as for caring about the Permanence of the Possibility, a man's head is generally very bald, and his senses very dull, before he comes to that. Whether we regard life as a lane leading to a dead wall—a more bag's end, as the French say—or whether we think of it as a vestibule or gymnasium where we wait our turn and prepare our faculties for some more noble destiny; whether we thunder in a pulpit, or pule in little, atheistic poetry-books, about its vanity and brevity; whether we look justly for years of health and vigor, or are about to mount into a bath-chair, as a step towards the hearse; in each and all of these views and situations there is but one conclusion possible; that a man should stop his ears against paralyzing terror, and run the race that is set before him with a single mind. No one surely could have recoiled with more heartache and terror from the thought of death than our respected lexicographer; and yet we know how little it affected his conduct, how wisely and boldly he walked, and in what a fresh and lively vein he spoke of life. Already an old man, he ventured on his Highland tour; and his heart, bound with triple brass, did not recoil before twenty-seven individual cups of tea. As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man's cultivation, so it is the first part of intelligence to recognize our precarious estate in life, and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact. A frank and somewhat headlong carriage, not looking too anxiously before, not dallying in maudlin regret over the past, stamps the man who is well armored for this world.

And not only well armored for himself, but a good friend and a good citizen to boot. We do not go to cowards for tender dealing; there is nothing so cruel as panic; the man who has least fear for his own carcass, has most time to consider others. That eminent chemist who took his walks abroad in tin shoes, and subsisted wholly upon tepid milk, had all his work cut out for

him in considerate dealings with his own digestion. So soon as prudence has begun to grow up in the brain, like a dismal fungus, it finds its first expression in a paralysis of generous acts. The victim begins to shrink spiritually; he develops a fancy for parlors with a regulated temperature, and takes his morality on the principle of tin shoes and tepid milk. The care of one important body or soul becomes so engrossing that all the noises of the outer world begin to come thin and faint into the parlor with the regulated temperature; and the tin shoes go equably forward over blood and rain. To be over-wise is to ossify; and the scruplemonger ends by standing stock-still. Now the man who has his heart on his sleeve, and a good whirling weather-cock of a brain, who reckons his life as a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded, makes a very different acquaintance of the world, keeps all his pulses going true and fast, and gathers impetus as he runs, until, if he be running towards anything better than wild-fire, he may shoot up and become a constellation in the end. Lord look after his health, Lord have a care of his soul, says he; and he has at the key of the position, and swashes through incongruity and peril towards his aim. Death is on all sides of him with pointed batteries, as he is on all sides of all of us; unfortunate surprises gird him round; mim-mouthed friends and relations hold up their hands in quite a little elegiacal synod about his path; and what cares he for all this? Being a true lover of living, a fellow with something pushing and spontaneous in his inside, he must, like any other soldier, in any other stirring, deadly warfare, push on at his best pace until he touch the goal. "A peerage or Westminster Abbey!" cried Nelson, in his bright, boyish, heroic manner. These are great incentives; not for any of these, but for the plain satisfaction of living, of being about their business in some sort or other, do the brave, serviceable men of every nation tread down the nettle danger, and pass flyingly over all the stumbling-blocks of prudence. Think of the heroism of Johnson, think of that superb indifference to mortal limitation that set him upon his dictionary, and carried him through triumphantly until the end! Who, if he were wisely considerate of things at large, would ever embark upon any work much more considerable than a half-penny post-card? Who would project a serial novel, after Thackeray and Dickens had each fallen in mid-course? Who could find heart to begin to live, if he dallied with the consideration of death?

And, after all, what sorry and pitiful quibbling all this is! To forego all the issues of living in a parlor with a regulated temperature—as if that were not to die a hundred times over, and for ten years at a stretch! As if it were not to die in one's own lifetime, and without even the sad immunities of death! As if it were not to die, and yet be the patient spectators of our own pitiable change! The Permanent Possibility is preserved, but the sensations carefully held at arm's length, as if one kept a photographic plate in a dark chamber. It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it, than to die daily in the sick-room. By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honor useful labor. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laying out vast projects, and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope, and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be at once tripped up and silenced; is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is

scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

DOADY.

A BORN DIPLOMATIST.

A TALL, soldierly individual was standing on the steps of the Hotel Cosmopolitan at Brighton, looking up and down the King's road in apparent indecision as to which way he meant to go. Eventually, he went down the steps, walked a little way in an easterly direction, and then crossing over to the Esplanade, faced west, and started off for Hove.

"I suppose I'm a d—d fool after all," he murmured, gloomily, "but I feel as though I couldn't leave the place without one more look at the house."

"'Ave a nice boat for a sail, Captain?" inquired one of the ubiquitous and optimistic boatmen, who are always lying in wait to lure the unwary victim on to the briny deep.

"No," he answered, curtly; and a sympathetic cockney, who was lounging over the railings, remarked to the discomfited boatman, "'Is lordship seems to 'ave got the blooming' 'ump, eh?"

But Harold Langton held on his way, oblivious of the fact that the "hump" from which he was suffering was apparent even to the sandwich-men standing in the gutter.

What an infernal fool he was! Why hadn't he gone back to town by the early train, instead of coming back like this to look at the gate of Paradise from which he had been definitely and finally shut out the previous day?

These were the questions which he asked himself, as he strode along in the bright July sunshine, when suddenly a small figure rose up from one of the green seats and clasped him round the knees.

Fortunately, Captain Langton had played "forward" in his time, so that, finding himself "collared low" in this unceremonious fashion, he only staggered slightly and contrived to keep his feet. His assailant was a small boy of about four years old, with a wealth of fair curls and blue eyes, who looked a picture of coolness in his white sailor-suit.

"Why, Doady!" he said, smiling down at the boy, "if you go collaring people like that you'll find yourself getting run in by the police for assault."

"Ain't a bit afraid of the pleeceman, 'cause he's one of Alice's sweethearts," replied the child, looking at his smartly-attired nursemaid, who had now risen from her seat, and was blushing violently at the last remark.

"Come back to me, Master Doady," she said, with dignity, "and don't bother Captain Langton."

"Ain't botherin', am I Caps?" persisted the boy; and then, as a sudden bright idea struck him, "Won't you take me to the 'Quarium to see the new 'topus?"

Langton looked puzzled, but the child hastened to explain, "It's a sort of squidgy-lookin' jelly-fish with eight arms made of injy-rubber."

"What makes you want to go so much?" asked Langton.

"'Cause I do," replied Doady, with childish irrationality. "Sis promised me yesterday she'd take me, but to-day she's ever so cross, and keeps tellin' me not to bother."

"Poor Doady!" said Langton, sympathetically.

"An' when I kept on askin' and askin' she just shook me, and I tell you it hurts!"

"Yes, it does," he assented cordially.

"Why! Did she shake you, too?" he inquired, opening his eyes very wide.

"Yes, she did, and it hurt like anything, sonny," answered Langton.

This time it was the boy's turn to express his sympathy, but he soon returned to the matter in hand.

"Won't you take me to the 'Quarium?" he asked again, boldly.

"Yes," said Langton—"that is to say, if nurse has no objection."

"Oh! Master Doady is sure to be quite safe with you, sir," replied the nurse, who had visions of spending a happy day with her friend, the policeman.

"Come along, then, Doady, we'll drive down there, shall we?" and he handed the child into one of the carriages which were waiting by the railings.

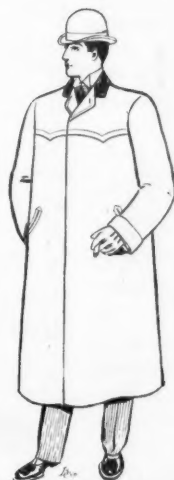
"I'm awfully glad I've come with you instead of Sis," he remarked, cheerfully, when he felt that the expedition had really started off, beyond all danger of recall.

Kupent's

A Great Special Sale Of Really Good Clothing Cheap

About the Purchase

The weather is sometimes responsible for great losses in a mercantile business. In this the loss was occasioned by exceptionally balmy and beautiful weather. Nobody wanted winter clothing, so the stores did not buy so liberally as expected. The manufacturers therefore had a great surplus. Becoming anxious over the situation three great houses—two in New York and one in Chicago—unloaded their surplus to us at a great loss. You get the benefit of that loss. See about the Sale.



About the Sale

We all try to get all we can for our money. It is a characteristic of prudence and forethought. There's a chance now to get a dollar in clothing value for 65c in cash. Such opportunities in November are scarce. The assortment comprised in these great purchases comprises Young Men's Suits and Overcoats—Boy's Suits, Overcoats, Pants, Waists and Caps. Also Suits, Reefers, etc., for the little chaps. The entire lot is being sold at an average of a third less than the standard values the country over.

"Why, young 'un' " he asked, trying hard to disguise his eagerness.

"'Cause I 'spect she's got the toofache, or somethin'."

"What makes you think that, Doady?"

"Why, after you was gone, yesterday she cried like anything. I'd 'a' been 'shamed to cry the way she did, if it hurt ever so."

"Perhaps—perhaps she couldn't help it," suggested Langton, lamely.

"When I has a pain I's got to help it," said the boy, solemnly, "and why hasn't she got to help it, too?"

"Well, you see," he explained, apologetically, "she's a girl." And then, by way of creating a diversion, he remarked, "I'm going away, Doady, so this will have to be our farewell treat."

"Goin' away for ever and ever?" inquired the boy, anxiously.

"Yes, for ever and ever," said the man, firmly.

"Why, I thought you'd got to come every day, like the baker's boy," he explained.

"I expect the baker's boy has got the sack this time," said Langton, gloomily.

"Sis'll have the toofache worse than ever when she knows you're goin' away for ever and ever," said Doady.

"She does know," explained Langton, awkwardly.

"Pra'aps that *was* the toofache," suggested Doady, with a sudden gleam of inspiration.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Langton, "that's a bright idea of yours! I say, Doady, let's go back and see if Sis will come with us!"

"She said she didn't want to see no silly 'topus," said the boy, with decision.

"Perhaps she's changed her mind," persisted Langton, lamely, and he hastily directed the driver to go back again to an address close to the point from which they had started.

But when they drew up at the door his courage failed him, and he decided to entrust his delicate mission to Doady.

"Just run in and ask your sister whether she won't come with us," he said in an off-hand way, wondering whether the small boy would detect his blushes.

Doady, who was nothing if not obedient, trotted up the steps and disappeared into the house, while Captain Langton sat in the carriage and wondered how fate was going to treat him.

After what seemed an intolerably long interval the boy reappeared and stated, "Sis is comin' with us. She's upstairs now, puttin' powder on her face where it's red."

"All right, Doady; you're a brick!" said Langton, hastily, hoping to check further indiscreet confidences; and he proceeded to scribble a note to his man at the hotel,

instructing him to unpack his things again, as he intended to stay in Brighton after all. He then hailed a small boy and told him to take it to the hotel.

Meanwhile Doady went on: "I didn't tell Sis who you were, but I just told her I was goin' with a friend of mine."

"Oh!" said Langton, looking a trifle disconcerted.

"But Sis went and peeped through the blinds to see who it was, and when she saw it was you, she just laughed."

"Doady, you are a born diplomatist," said Langton.

"Born 'plomatis'," repeated Doady, solemnly, and then added, "Mummy said I was to tell you to come inside and wait, 'cause Sis is sure to be ever so long fixing up her best clothes; at least, Alice always is, when she's going out with her pleeceman."

Langton began to have serious doubts as to whether the boy was quite so diplomatic as he had given him credit for being, but he wisely said nothing and followed him into the house.

After waiting in the drawing-room for a considerable time the boy announced his intention of going upstairs to see how his sister was getting on, while Captain Langton pondered over what he was to say to the girl from whom he had parted finally and forever on the previous day.

At last the child reappeared, and announced triumphantly, "Sis won't be long, now, 'cause Marie has just finished lacin' up her tightest pair of—"

"Doady!" shouted Langton, in an agony of alarm as to what he was going to say next, "you really mustn't talk about things like that."

"Born 'plomatis'," quoted Doady, solemnly, and then fell to wondering what it was he had said wrong.

A feminine toilette is always apt to be a long business, especially when it involves the removal of recent tears, but it comes to an end at last; and eventually the drawing-room door opened, and a vision of radiant loveliness floated into the room, with its parasol clasped under its arm, to facilitate the stroking on of a glossy new pair of kid gloves.

"Oh, Captain Langton, I had no idea it was you!" she exclaimed with a carefully prepared little start of surprise. "Doady only told me it was one of his friends, and he has so many, you know," she added by way of explanation.

"Quite so," said Langton, smiling; "and, of course, the blinds were down, so that you couldn't see who it was in the carriage outside."

She blushed furiously beneath her veil, and then, looking helplessly at the boy, she said, pathetically, "Of course, if Doady has given me away—"

"Yes," assented Langton, "I am afraid Doady has given you away;" and the gloves being now satisfactorily adjusted, he held open the door for her to pass out.

When they were all three seated in the carriage, and were once more driving in the direction of the Aquarium,

there was an awkward silence, which was at last broken by the girl, who remarked, carelessly, "I am so delighted to have this opportunity of seeing the new octopus, Captain Langton."

But this statement was altogether too much for Doady's sense of moral rectitude.

"You said this mornin' you didn't want to see no silly old 'topus!" he exclaimed indignantly.

"Perhaps," suggested Langton, endeavoring to come to the rescue, "your sister has had special reason for becoming suddenly interested in octopuses."

But Doady was pondering upon the astonishing injustice of the world, which allows pretty girls to say things which are not true, and only smiles at them, whereas equally pretty boys get smacked with slippers.

Fortunately, however, they had by this time reached the Aquarium, and the boy was full of anxiety to see the creature which was the object of their expedition.

The appearance of the "squidgy-lookin' jelly-fish with eight arms made of injy-rubber" proved to be even more weird and the boy's attention was fully occupied for a good many minutes, during which Langton and his sister managed to arrive at a satisfactory explanation of the difference of opinion which had parted them on the previous day.

"I don't believe you've looked at the 'topus one bit!" he said, indignantly; this being yet another proof of his sister's callous disregard for the eternal verities; and she proceeded once more to blush furiously, in confirmation of his worst suspicions.

"The fact is, Doady," explained Langton, "that I have just been finally curing your sister of her toothache."

This appealed at once to the sympathetic side of the boy's nature, and he anxiously inquired:

"Is it quite better, Sis?"

"Yes, quite better, Doady," said the girl, smiling, as she leaned over to kiss her little brother, who had been the cause of her restored happiness.

"When Alice has the toofache with her pleeceman, and it gets quite better," he remarked reflectively, "he generally kisses her."

Langton looked at the girl, who took this opportunity of bestowing veay careful study on the octopus.

"She has to put her veil up first, though," Doady went on persistently; and, perhaps in order to get a better view of the octopus, his sister's veil was duly raised.

When the rest of the programme had been carried out to the boy's satisfaction, Langton turned round and remarked:

"Really, Doady, you are a born diplomatist."

"Born 'plomatis'," assented the boy cheerfully; and then all three drove home.

The Chicago Club-Fellow.

MUSIC.

THE THOMAS CONCERTS.

To even the most captious was denied the privilege of being other than unequivocally praiseful, on Friday and Saturday evenings, when Theodore Thomas and his marvelous Orchestra gave, at the Odeon, the first two of this season's series of six concerts. Extraordinary concerts! Beautifully made programmes, wonderfully produced! And it is a satisfaction to record that those to luxuriate in them exceeded in numbers any audience that has heretofore greeted the Chicago aggregation.

Of such unique and vital import, from an artistic and æsthetic view-point, and yet so readily summarized! Programmes marvelous in their make, a joy in their color scheme, sense of proportion and contrast, and an executive ensemble singular as it is ingratiating. The detail, the finesse, all the niceties of shade and reference, the dignity, force and power—and the legitimacy of it all! One could indeed luxuriate.

Friday's programme was somewhat intimidating. To contemplate a Brahms Symphony in four movements and a Bach

Concerto in three is, for many of us, justifiably, to shrink. Perhaps that was why these two numbers occasioned such exuberant enthusiasm. There is so much that is foreboding and ominous to be read and heard of Johannes Brahms that to find one of his symphonies not only lucid and intelligible but consistently and persistently palatable is to be unctuously reassured as to one's musical calibre and intuition. To be permitted to grasp and absorb, in such an instance, is to be self-flattered.

Messrs. Kramer and Bare in the Bach concerto for two violins occasioned sensations as unique and pleasurable as they were unexpected. The composition is a most interesting and novel one and was greeted with a more than cordial approbation. The historical "Oberon Overture" was received with loving acclamation as were the "Lohengrin" and "Meistersinger" Vorspiele. Saint Saens' fascinating symphonic poem, "La Jeunesse d' Hercule" is a most charming instance of modernism, a most interesting fancy, beautifully elaborated, drastic in form and startling, but ever euphonious, in coloring. Beethoven's Eighth Symphony is surely one of his most beautiful and contenting inspirations—each movement an appeal, a delight and a conviction.

That d'Albert, the great unwashed, the vegetarian economist and prose-ist could have given life to a work of such beauty and worth as his Concerto, opus 20, for violoncello is, indeed, amusing. It is a delightful creation. It has originality, spontaneity, beautiful themes, and splendid possibilities in coloring, detail and dramatic effects. Bruno Steindel most significantly intimated what a valuable addition has been made to the all too meagre repertoire of that alluring instrument, the 'cello.

Keen interest was found in Cæsar Frank's "Le Chasseur Maudit," a symphonic poem as forceful, tentative and impelling as it is original and pleasing and sensational.

Naturally the "Rheingold" fragments occasioned the traditional jubilation. For the masses it was the event of the evening.

Lillian Apel Emery.

OPERA AT MUSIC HALL.

The third season of opera in English at popular prices opens in Music Hall, Exposition Building, on Monday evening, November 18, 1901. The attraction is Amilcare Ponchielli's famous grand opera, new to St. Louis patrons of music, "La Gioconda." For this and the succeeding twenty or more weeks of the season, a company has been assembled by Manager Charles M. Southwell and his associates, which can confidently be described as the best organization of its kind in the United States. The Southwell Grand Opera Company consists of twenty leading principals, a chorus of fifty professional singers, and orchestra of twenty-five high-class instrumentalists, a complete staff of scenic artists, a thorough complement of house and box-office attaches, the entire musical forces being under the direct control of a recognized master of the operatic art who has, besides, specially chosen assistants for the immense choral and other rehearsal work inseparable from the capable performances which the company designs to present throughout the season. At no time in the history of this city has the demand for high-class music been so strong, so widespread as at present. At no time, happily, has an organization of the importance of this one, been available for the satisfaction of such a demand. Among

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the principals of the company are such commanding ones as: Luigi Avadona, Charles Gauthier, Sig. Alberti, Sig. Salassi, Harold Gordon, William H. Clarke, William C. Schuster, Homer Lind, Harry Luckstone, Charles Tallman, and Arthur Donaldson and Frida Ricci, Anna Lichter, Emma Strakosch, Eugenie Barker, Francis Graham, Mary Linck, Estelle Ellsworth and Edith Bradford. As a matter of course these names will be added to as the exigencies of the work in hand may require. The musical director is Adolf Liesegang, the veteran of thirty opera seasons. His assistants are Max Fischhaendler and Eugene Rautenberg, both musicians of acknowledged ability. In the chorus are ladies and gentlemen who for years have made the choral work in opera their special study; and it is permissible to say in this connection that only a trained chorus can be employed in a venture like the one under consideration, for the very good reason that without it, there would not be a possibility of making a weekly or semi-weekly change of bill, nor could so varied an offering as the one in contemplation be afforded. In addition, the language of all the operas being that of the United States, the entire choice of chorus membership has been limited to American singers, familiar with American operatic methods. The scenic department is in charge of Charles H. Ritter, the acknowledged head of the profession, whose speed at work is the marvel of his competitors. For stage-manager Mr. Southwell has secured the services of James Dewitt, of San Francisco, an acknowledged master of the craft, whose work in such a snappy theater as the Tivoli and whose long experience in opera safe-guards any production placed in his charge. Richard Spamer, formerly press representative of the Castle Square Opera Company, latterly active in a similar capacity during the best mid-year of opera—that of 1901 at Delmar Garden—has charge of the press bureau of the company. In addition to supplying the usual press matter and taking care of the opera programme. Mr. Spamer proposes to publish a weekly bulletin of operatic news to supplement, and, in a measure, clarify, the regular work of the press bureau. The costumes will be procured from the best ateliers of New York, Chicago and St. Louis and in the other departments of the establishment nobody not having special, trained fitness for his particular calling has been employed. The general scope of the repertoire is the grand and romantic. There is no disposition to slight the comic, but it is believed to be a fact that the current taste of the St. Louis opera-going public lies along educational, rather than diversional, lines, and this the Southwell Opera Company specially desires to meet. Among the operas to be offered are: "La Gioconda," "Othello," "Ernani," "William Tell," "Stradella," "The Prophet," "Mignon," "Lohengrin," "Il Trovatore," "Aida," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "I Pagliacci," "Paul and Virginia," "Der Freischuetz," "Romeo and Juliet," "Star of the North," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Queen of Sheba," (Goldmark's) "L'Africaine," "Faust," "Tannhauser," and a carefully selected line of light and comic operas.

NORDICA.

Mme. Lillian Nordica reached New York, November 2d, for her transcontinental recital tour under the exclusive direction of Manager Loudon G. Charlton. Mme. Nordica is in superb health and voice after her long summer's rest in the Black Forest,

Germany, and fresh from her triumphs in Munich where, in September, at the New Prince Regent Theatre when she sang Isolde in "Tristan and Isolde" and Elsa in "Lohengrin" so splendidly she was immediately re-engaged for all the Wagner roles at the same theatre for September, 1902. She is also engaged for the Covent Garden season next year, beginning in May. Paris has been negotiating in vain for her to sing in "Tristan and Isolde" and "Gottterdammerung" there next summer. Her present tour will include Canada, Texas, and the Pacific Coast points. Mme. Nordica will not make a single appearance in opera in this country. She will appear in this city, at the Odeon, Monday evening, December 9th, in a programme remarkable for its variety and merit. She will be assisted by Katherine Fisk, contralto, and Romaine Simmons, pianist.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Mrs. G. H. Ball, of Chicago, is visiting Mrs. Ross W. Eastlick.

Mrs. George Keller and Miss Lulu Keller have returned from Europe.

Mrs. Annie Rapley left on Saturday for a visit to North Carolina friends.

Miss Nanine Chassaing has gone to visit friends in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Todd Clark have returned from a visit in Kansas City.

Dr. and Mrs. Eugene Gehring have returned from a stay of several months in the West.

Mrs. Guy P. Billon gave a handsome luncheon last week, assisted by her mother, Mrs. Peterson.

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Invitations have been issued by the Cotillion Club for its two dances on Dec. 11th and Jan. 27th at Mahler's.

Mrs. E. J. Glasgow will give a luncheon on Nov. 20th, for Miss Virginia Thompson and Miss Virginia Wright.

Mrs. George Castleman and Miss Margot Postlewait have returned from Rye Beach and the Virginia resorts.

Miss Felicia Judson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Judson, will be married, early in the winter, to Mr. Calhoun.

This evening a ball will be given by Dr. and Mrs. T. F. Prewitt, in honor of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Prewitt.

Mrs. Ben Kimball is spending the winter with her daughters, Mrs. Peete, and Mrs. Kearney Mason, in Galveston, Tex.

Mrs. Arthur Garesche is entertaining Mrs. Wallace, of Shelbyville, Ill. The ladies will be at home to friends on Fridays.

Cards were sent out last week for the marriage of Miss Sadie Pierce and Mr. Tom Maffitt, on Nov. 18th, at St. John's M. E. Church.

When a lady wants a nice Hat, she goes to Rosenheim's, 515 Locust.

Miss Carrie Burford, of Indianapolis, Ind., who has been visiting Mrs. Corwin H. Spencer and Miss Ruth Speneer, left Monday for home.

Mr. and Mrs. Leverett Bell have announced the approaching marriage of their daughter, Miss Bessie Bell, and Mr. D. O. Wayne Smith, on Nov. 26th.

Mrs. Theodore de Forest has closed her country home and taken a house on Delmar avenue, where she will be at home to friends on Fridays during November.

You will not be satisfied until you buy your Hat at Rosenheim's, 515 Locust.

Miss Bertha Townsend, announced last week her engagement to Mr. Lathrop, of Detroit. Miss Townsend is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Townsend.

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Lulu Whyte of Kirkwood, and Mr. James Copping Cotter of Indianapolis Ind. The ceremony will take place November 27th.

Misses Julia and Carolyn Schofield will go south on the 19th to attend the wedding of a friend and join a house party for a week at the country home of a relative near Nashville.

Mrs. Vincent de Messeny, of Chicago, has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Edmond Garesche, of Jennings Heights, and has now gone to spend a week with the family of Gov. Stone, in Ferguson.

Mrs. Celeste Pim left the early part of the week for New Orleans, with a party of friends. Mrs.

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Celeste Rose, who has been here all summer, will leave early in December, to return to her home in Natchez, Miss.

Mrs. Louis T. Maguire gave a reception Tuesday afternoon, assisted by Mrs. Alvin Nichols and Mrs. Harry West Stegall, recent brides. Mrs. Nichols was Miss Edith Franciscus, and Mrs. Stegall, Miss Abby Watson.

The engagement of Miss Sallie Colladay, to Mr. Edgar T. Smith, has been announced. The wedding, will probably be an event of Easter week. Miss Colladay is a grand-daughter of Mrs. Martin, of Bell place, and a sister of Mrs. Guido Pautaleoni.

A brilliant event of December 12th, will be the ball given by the Confederate Memorial Society at Mahler's Hall. Mrs. Leroy B. Valliant, President of the society, has appointed competent

committee, to make the event the most fashionable of the season, Miss Mildred Lee of Virginia and Miss Wheeler, daughter of General Joe Wheeler will be guests of honor.

A reception and ball will be given this evening at the Odeon, by Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Chappelle, in honor of their daughter, Miss Louise Chappelle. The early part of the evening will be devoted to a reception, and later on the young people will dance. Punch will be served by Miss Hazel Garrison, a cousin of the hostess, and Miss Frances Jones.

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Raphael Tuck & Sons, Company have recently submitted a number of their newest designs in holiday books, calendars, Christmas cards, etc. The presentation cards in delicate, dainty shades of lavender, pale Nile green and the new shade of red, artistically combined with silver and gold tinsel, framing pretty woodland scenes, charming faces and figures, and handsomely engraved with appropriate couplets from some one of the more famous singers, are so exquisitely wrought one scarcely knows which to choose. The "Longfellow" calendar, representing scenes from "Evangeline," with quotations for every day in the year, its beautiful illuminated title and heavy silk cord hanger, is one of the finest specimens of the lithographic art ever produced. "The Light of the World," "In the Highlands" and various other subjects from world-famed authors and artists, bear the same high standard of workmanship. Their photogravure miniatures of famous paintings, on heavy fawn-colored and rich dark green cardboard, are so finely done as closely to resemble steel engravings, while their mechanical standing-cards are novelties that will be appreciated by old and young alike. In a word the Tuck company is to be congratulated upon having produced moderate priced novelties in art that will be a great factor in increasing the popular love for the beautiful.

Henry Van Dyke, in a series of tales of the simple French-Canadian folk, under the title, "The Ruling Passion," succeeds admirably in proving that which he, in a carefully argued preface, tells you he intends to disprove; viz: that it is not love that rules and sways the world, not love for one another that makes the "all in all" in life, but music, anger, hate, or some one hobby, as fitted to each individual case, is the mainspring of his or her happiness. In the very first story, "A Lover of Music," in which the author tells of Jacques Trumbly's great love of music, of how he adored his violin, how he caressed and fondled it as though it were a living thing, he fails beautifully in his endeavor, for, throughout, it is only too plain, that 'tis not the skillfully fashioned, delicately strung workmanship of man the Frenchman loves, not the exquisite tones that respond to his artist's touch and speak of joyousness or woe at the player's will,—not this is it he loves, but the thought that others are brought under the harmonious influence that sweet music brings and thus are made happier, more content, and because, paramount to all else, because *Serena*, the woman he loves, is pleased, because the bright smile or soft

spoken word of praise the rendition elicits from her lips is dearer than ought else. It seems that Mr. Van Dyke is fated to do directly opposite to that which he most desires, for he not only, in each instance, proves that love of one another is the ruling principle, but, despite his plea in a prefaced prayer: "Lord, let me never tag a moral to a story," the fourth narrative, "The Gentle Life," has not merely a moral, but is actually a lay-sermon preached by the supposed shade of Izaak Walton. "The Reward of Virtue," however, so far from having a moral, is terminated in such a manner as to convey the idea that one might just as well continue a vice as make an effort to check it, for, by biding one's time, matters will adjust themselves equally as satisfactorily as if great sacrifices were made. Having lived among the Canadians and gone on many fishing trips with them, and being an earnest student, the author's delineations of the various characters are very life-like, and this, with the many delightful reminiscences of piscatorial and aquatic sport interspersed throughout, combines to make the stories (and there are several splendid ones, unmentioned) all decidedly delectable. Mr. Van Dyke's literary style is charming. The volume is published by Charles Scribner's sons.

"A Sunny Southerner," by Julia Magruder, tells in a bright, jaunty manner of how a winsome, Southern lassie, having gleaned, in a Northern school, advanced ideas of life, fearlessly upholds her new views on the old prejudice of ancestry and of her love for a common day laborer, who, after all, turns out to be a wealthy, polished gentleman, masquerading in the guise of a workingman for the purpose of learning how to better the poorer class of people. The hero and heroine, in the end, marry and live to do great and good works. Thus far the termination is very pleasing. It is the minor details that are left unfinished. However, the gibes made at people boasting of their "blue blood" and posing solely on what "my ancestors were" are clever and are calculated, especially as coming from a Magruder, to make some Southerners take a more sensible view of social equality than is their wont. (L. C. Page & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.)

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Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust street.

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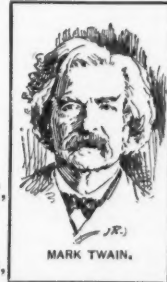
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COMMUNICATIONS.

EDUCATION IN ITALY.

To the Editor of The Mirror.

Please give some information in your next issue of the MIRROR, concerning the educational system, also the universities, of Italy. By so doing you will confer a great favor on,

Mrs. M. J. Howe,
Worthington, Ind.

Elementary instruction, in Italy, is provided in at least one lower-grade school in every commune, and communes of over 4,000 inhabitants must have a higher-grade school as well. Secondary classical instruction is given in 733 *ginnasi* and *licei* (*gymnasias* and *lycei*), of which the latter leads the universities; and secondary technical instruction in 397 technical schools. Superior instruction is given in 17 State universities and 4 independent ones, 21 in all. The State Universities are located at Turin, Pavia, Padua, and Genoa, in Northern Italy; Bologna, Pisa, Rome, Modena, Parma, Siena and Macerata, in Central Italy; Naples, in Southern Italy; Palermo and Catania, in Sicily, and Cagliari and Sassari, in Sardinia. The 4 independent universities are located in central Italy, at Camerino, Ferrara, Perugia and Urbino. In Southern Italy there are also university courses attached to the *licei* of Aquila and Bari, as well as at Catanazaro, in Sicily. There are besides in Italy 13 superior institutes, viz: four autonomous schools of applied engineering, at Bologna, Naples, Rome and Turin; 1 superior technical institute, at Milan; 3 superior schools of veterinary medicine, at Milan, Naples and Turin; 1 institute for superior studies, at Florence; 1 scientific and literary academy, at Milan; 1 superior normal school, at Pisa, and 2 superior normal female institutes, at Florence and Rome.

There are, besides the above, 2 schools of applied engineering connected with the the universities of Genoa, Pavia and Pisa, with single course, and 4 schools of veterinary medicine connected with the universities of Bologna, Modena, Parma and Pisa. All of the above-mentioned institutes are under the direction of the Department of Public Education. Of other superior schools, controlled by other departments, such as special superior schools of agriculture, military and naval colleges and academies and superior schools of antiquities, cartography, oriental languages, art, singing, music etc., there are no reports given down to-date.

TAXES AND TEACHERS' PAY.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

All teachers must have read with great interest and satisfaction the news that Miss Margaret Haley and Miss Catherine Goggin, of Chicago, have been successful in their efforts to force the State Board of Assessors, of the State of Illinois, to properly assess the property of twenty corporations whose assessed valuation is over \$225,000,000.

Are proper assessments made in St. Louis? I believe not. Our schools do not get the revenues they should because of non-assessment or under-assessment of the property of corporations and individuals. It is probably for this reason that our School Board gave our teachers an increase of 3, 4, and 5 per cent. respectively, instead of 10 per cent, the amount or increase asked for. The teachers fully appreciate what has been done for them under the present conditions or circumstances.

The two Chicago teachers have set us an example. Is it worthy of imitation? A little work along the lines as pursued by Miss Haley and Miss Goggin might prove as profitable to the teachers and people of St. Louis and our State as it has and will continue to be to the

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S new novel

THE CRISIS

is still the best selling book in the United States, and perhaps in the world. For one reason, it is the best story and the most exquisitely told, and for another it gives us that interpretation of American history that we so much need, and that inner light on the life of our great men which no one now would be without.

Recognizing the fact that the book is destined to increase its popularity from now on, the publishers are putting on the market a special holiday edition with a portrait of the author, never before published, and reproduced in photogravure. And this edition will be sold at the same price as the other, viz., \$1.50 net, by the booksellers.

By WINSTON CHURCHILL, author of "Richard Carvel," "The Celebrity," etc. With Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. 12mo, cloth.

Holiday Edition, with Portrait, in a special box, \$1.50 net.

"A book that presents the great crisis in our national life with splendid power and with a sympathy, a sincerity, and a patriotism that are inspiring."—*The Tribune*, Chicago.

"A book every American should know, for it teaches him anew to revere the memory of the men to whom this nation owes its continued existence."

The Mail and Express, New York.

The Benefactress

Is another new novel which is worth reading. It is perhaps the only work of fiction of real humor published during the past year. Cloth, \$1.50.

"If you have the taste to know what real entertainment is you will find it here."—*The Sun*, New York.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

teachers and people of Chicago and the State of Illinois.

I thank you most heartily for your good words in behalf of the teachers last spring. Your splendid articles on the salary question certainly did a great deal in bringing about a consideration of the matter.

The MIRROR is welcomed every week by the members of my family. We all like it because it is independent and outspoken on every subject of interest to us. It is, in my opinion, one of the best educational journals in the country.

John H. Rabe.

Nov. 3rd, 1901.

MUTE WITNESSES.

The soft lamp gilds my desk to-night;
My books stand all a-row.
I turn them o'er, and to my sight
They seem to sorrow so.

The ancient rhymes of love and death
That were such comforters
Seem now to know some living breath
That all about them stirs.

Story and fable, quaint and good,
They speak so bitterly!
Not as the hand that penned them would
That they should speak to me.

A little comment scribbled fine,
A finger-print, a bit
Of folded paper, at some line
Tell how we talked of it.

Alike the poet and the sage,
Gold-edge and russet-brown—
A pencilled word upon a page,
A corner folded down!

The glamour of the verse is flown;
The cut leaves seem to bleed.
In the dim light I read alone
The books she loved to read.

—Post Wheeler.

A very unique wedding gift, shown at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., in the Mercantile Club Building, at 7th and Locust streets, is an anniversary clock that runs 400 days with one winding.

Fine Furs Made to Order from Selected Skins.

First-Class Work at Reasonable Prices.

MANNING KALISH,
PRACTICAL FURRIER,

409 North Broadway, 2d Door North of Locust Street,
(Fourth Floor. Take Elevator.)

Seal Sacques repaired, re-dyed and remodelled to present fashion and furs of all kinds cleaned and repaired, relined and altered to latest styles of
Capes, Collarettes, Scarfs, Muffs, Etc.

ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

THE WEST END HOTEL,

Vandeventer Avenue and West Belle Place.

Absolutely Fire-Proof. ✿ Strictly High Class. ✿ Both Plans.

RESTAURANT AND GRILL ROOM.

FORSTER HOTEL COMPANY.

DAVID LAUBER, Manager.

Usona

Corner King's Highway and
McPherson Avenue.

Opened September 25th.

New Family Hotel • European and American • Cafe.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

FRANK M. WHITE, Manager.

Beginning at home: Jasper—"I understood that you had turned over a new leaf, and were even going to love your enemies; but it seems to me that you love no one but yourself." "Well, I am my own worst enemy."—*Life*.

The \$100 diamond solitaire rings we have just mounted in our own factory, where only expert designers and diamond setters are employed, are by far the best value ever offered. Mermod & Jaccard, Broadway and Locust.

THEATRICALS.

FOXY QUILLER.

New York sniffed at *Foxy Quiller* because the Messrs. De Koven and Smith took him from the "Highwayman," in which he was an amusing figure, after that opera had outlived its usefulness, and rejuvenated and "fattened" him for the "star" part in their later work. The "provinces," less blase, and having had but homœopathic doses of "The Highwayman," took more kindly to *Foxy Quiller* continued and we "out West," seeing him for the first time clad in his new honors at the Olympic Theatre Sunday night, found him immensely funny and laughed and applauded most heartily and even insisted on his making a speech between the acts. We also found his environment to contain the ingredients most essential to the well-prepared hash known as "comic opera," namely, "diverting" and "tuneful."

Foxy Sykes, Jerry Quiller or Jerome Sykes, whatever his name may be, has played other parts, but he seems to be so completely immersed in his latest role that it is difficult to imagine him in anything else. His girth has increased and his stellar honors may have increased the size of his head, but, if so, his capacity for comicality has shared the growth. Mr. Sykes is unctuously, fatty, and persistently funny, and, aided by the restraining hands of the Messrs. De Koven and Smith, succeeds in not obtruding too much of *Foxy Quiller* on the audience.

The erstwhile unfunny, Uhrig's Cave funny man, has developed into a first rate comedian, with sufficient vocal ability to meet all demands.

The Klaw and Erlanger Opera Company has done much for DeKoven and Smith. A fine chorus, splendid sartorial and scenic trappings, and a long cast, including that

cunning, talented mite, Adolf Zink, the grandiose Steger, the clear voiced Eleanor Kent, the comical Harry McDonough, and the over-kittenish Grace Cameron, have helped to make their work attractive. Their greatest debt of gratitude however is due to Signor de Novelis, who guides orchestra and singers with incomparable tact and skill, and Mr. Ben Teal, whose superb stage-management makes Terrible Teddy Temple, St. Louis' ideal of a comic opera stage-director, look a very cheap and inferior article.

Mr. Harry B. Smith's share of "Foxy Quiller" has been well done. He has supplied a tenuous, but sufficient, plot, lines far more clever than usually found in comic opera librettos, and plastic lyrics that wear their musical settings gracefully.

Mr. Reginald de Koven's memory has much to do with the melodiousness of his music and, as usual, his earliest and greatest success, "Robin Hood," is the chief fount of his inspiration. But the worked-over themes are pretty and as much enjoyed as though they did not suggest every comic opera of recent years.

"Foxy Quiller," taking it altogether, is very good entertainment indeed, and works of far less wit and melody have achieved immense popular success in New York.

The Lounger.

WARD AND VOKES.

They are doing a big business at the Century this week. Ward & Vokes never fail to draw large audiences. This time, they appear in a new farce, entitled the "Head Waiters." It is all nonsense of the rankest sort, yet it seems to please the people. The reason why is hard to understand. Of course, it is a farce, and, this being the case, you cannot expect much. Some of the jokes are very ancient and have done good service in their time; the music and songs are puerile and banale. There is very little real acting, if exception is made of the rather clever impersonation of an opium fiend by Joe Kelly. Lucy Daly appears in several painfully bizarre roles, that are supposed to require a good deal of dancing, jumping and other things of the most extraordinary sort. Her shrieking and physical contortions are enough to make you gasp for breath and writhe in your seat. Geo. Sidney appears again in his usual role of a yiddish "sucker," and is well received. There are several pretty girls, who try to sing, and there is a lady's band that belabors the empty, vast and wondering air with praiseworthy efforts. The costumes and stage mounting are faultless. It is the right kind of a show for people who like such amusement. Ward & Vokes try to amuse, according to their own ideas and methods, and are, apparently, very successful. It is, after all, a matter of taste.

THE GERMAN THEATRE.

At the Fourteenth Street Theatre, temple of the German histrionic muse, last Sunday evening, a large audience greeted the performers. The story of love and hate, in the Alpine Highlands, Wilhelmine von Hillern's "Die Geyer-Wally" was given a finished presentation. Herr Rudolf Horsky's interpretation of the much enduring lover, *Joseph Hagenbach*, was excellently conceived and acted. Miss Margarethe Neuman's work in the title role was striking and won her such enthusiastic applause as only enthusiastic Germans can give. Scenic effects, costumes and other accessories which were on a more elaborate scale than heretofore, bore eloquent testimony to

SOROSIS
TRADE MARK

THE PERFECTED SHOE FOR WOMEN.

The manufacturers of "Sorosis" are daily in receipt of letters from women (both in this country and Europe) who have worn "Sorosis," stating that they are the most satisfactory foot-covering ever worn by them, irrespective of price.

Always Fashionable, Always Reliable, Always Comfortable.

Sold in St. Louis exclusively by us
And guaranteed to give satisfactory wear.

ALL WIDTHS, ALL STYLES, ALL LEATHERS.

\$3.50 Per Pair.

Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney

DRY GOODS COMPANY.

Messrs. Heinemann & Welb's artistic sense of the beautiful. The work of this company at the Fourteenth Street Theater is very important. It is useful in enabling many of our German fellow citizens to keep in touch with the stage literature of the Fatherland while it enables many Americans to obtain with pleasure and celerity a workable knowledge of the German language, not only in its higher literary aspects but in the matter of colloquial ease and the mastery of idioms. Wednesday evening, Franz von Schoenthau's "Das Letzte Wort," was given an effective production that was greatly appreciated.

Superfluous hairs, moles etc., permanently removed by Electrolysis. Electrical facial massage for wrinkles, pimples and flabby skin. Mrs. Myra Field, 347 Century Building. Branch of New York Office.

SOCIETY.

Mermoid & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Miss Mabel Stone has returned from an Eastern trip.

Mrs. Theodore H. Smith, is visiting her sister in Abilene, Kas.

Mrs. John Howard Siegrist of New York, is visiting in St. Louis.

Miss Julia Hodge will spend the winter with her relative, Mrs. Van Blarcom.

Mrs. William P. Stewart, has returned from a visit to friends in Cleveland Ohio.

Mrs. Ephron Catlin will give a tea November 15th, in honor of Miss Emily Catlin.

Mrs. D. R. Francis, will give a luncheon to-day in honor of Mrs. D. R. Francis, Jr.

Mrs. C. B. McCormick is entertaining Miss Hammond and Miss McIntyre of St. Paul.

Mrs. John Nickerson will give a luncheon to a few friends Monday afternoon, November 18th.

Mrs. Goodman King will entertain on Friday afternoon with a luncheon, in honor of her sister, Miss Lucile Hopkins.

Mrs. Charles Whitelaw will give a luncheon, Friday, Nov. 15th, in honor of her mother, Mrs. Whitelaw of Santa Barbara, Cal.

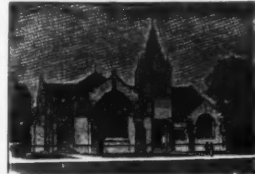
Mrs. Henry Meier of Delmar boulevard, has sent out cards for a reception, on Friday, Nov. 15th, in honor of Mesdames J. Roland Samuel, and John H. Albright, and Miss Zoe Cole.

Mrs. William McRee, of Cabanne, will give a large function this afternoon in honor of her two daughters, Miss Mary and Rosalie McRee. All the ladies of fashion buy their hats at Rosenheim's, 515 Locust.

Among the debutantes who will make their

M'DOWELL COLLEGE,
1824 OLIVE ST.

Ladies, before learning tailoring and fine dress-making, call and examine our system. The best and easiest to learn. Under entirely new management. Evening classes, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday. W. F. HUNSTOCK, Manager.

HERBERT C. CHIVERS,
ARCHITECT

Wainwright Bldg
ST. LOUIS MO
High-grade Domestic, Ecclesiastical, Monumental and Municipal Architecture.
Send for 32-page book of fac-simile testimonial letters of reference.

St. Louis School of Fine Arts



Furnishes superior instruction in Drawing, Modeling, Painting, Artistic Anatomy, Perspective, Composition, Architectural and Mechanical Drawing, Decorative Design and Applied Art. Advancement of each student depends solely on the degree of proficiency; all instruction is individual. The Artists connected with the school as teachers have received their training in the Art Schools of Europe.

Students may enroll at any time.
26TH YEAR OPENS SEPT. 23, 1901.
For illustrated circulars address
HALSEY C. IVES, DIRECTOR,
St. Louis School of Fine Arts, St. Louis, Mo.

how to society soon, will be Miss Adelaide Garesche, daughter of the late Edmond Garesche. Miss Virginia Cabanne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carr Cabanne of Vernon avenue, is another debutante.

They were talking about trees. "My favorite," she said, "is the oak. It is so noble, so magnificent in its strength. But what is your favorite?" "Yew," he replied. Speaking of favorites, the favorite shoes of those who would be well, comfortably, stylishly and durably shod, these days, are Swope's shoes. They are not cheap. They are good, in fact, the best. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A
Habit
That Pays

—To take an interesting stroll up Olive street to our store for your Furnishings.

It's impossible to convey in the space of this ad the genuine advantages of selecting your Furnishings from the very cream of the world's best—most reliable—and the uncommon.

Every man's needs in Furnishings are constant, and without a penny of extra expense we'll furnish you with more beautiful and correct dress.

Why pay as much—for so inferior elsewhere?

It's a paying habit—to see us.

Werner Bros.

Clothiers, Haberdashers and Hatters,
Republic Building, Seventh and Olive Sts.

THE WEDDING PRESENTS.

"Dear me!" said the soup ladle, "to think they're going to change me! Clara says ladies are not fashionable any more, since soup is served *en tasse*, and after the trouble Aunt Sarah had to get me, too, and all the expense! There were the three trips backwards and forwards from Hookville Centre and other incidentals in the way of cross-town cars and lunches, and Aunt Sarah isn't exactly flush of money just now."

"Well, what do you think of me?" snapped the bon-bon spoon. "They would like to change me, too, only they can't, because I'm marked! I overheard Clara saying to Jack that it was a perfect shame to mark small pieces of silver, because even if they were not changed they would always come in handy as wedding presents for someone else. Disgusting, wasn't it? But the worst of it is that they hit upon a way of disposing of me after all—a most deceitful way? Clara says there's that plain little Brown girl down in Baltimore who is going to be married later in the season and she will just take me down and under the initials, 'C. L. S.', which I already bear, have inscribed, 'To E. R. B.' Isn't it too horrid?"

"I tell you, friends," began the silver tea set, "this world is a queer place! When I first arrived in my spacious box with my profusion of curled and tinted paper, a perfect shout of joy went up and I was taken out proudly, piece by piece, and praised and admired in the most extravagant manner, and Clara declared that her great uncle had behaved decently for once in his life and that I was a beauty and no mistake. She went on singing my praises and showing me to everybody until, by and by, that conceited Jack of hers came in and began examining me upside down. 'Why, Clara, what's this?' I heard him exclaim, in that disagreeable, aggressive tone of his. 'What a mean old duffer that great uncle of yours is, to be sure! Don't you see, this set is only quadruple plate?'—and Clara has never noticed me since. Ah, yes; it's a queer world!"

"I agree with you," said the grand piano, "here I am, the most beautiful piece of rose-wood and just full of the most exquisite tones, and yet that unfeeling Clara, when I was carried in, informed her husband-elect—and I dare say he thought her very clever—that she would much rather I had been a patent refrigerator or a stationary washstand!"

"Well, there's no accounting for taste," observed the tiger skin rug. "Down in the shop where I came from I was considered a perfect beauty. My marking was commented upon, my head was accounted remarkably handsome and my teeth and claws were the envy of the jungle—I mean the shop. Old Moneyman, when he came in, said he hadn't thought of throwing away so much on those 'silly young rascals,' but, as he'd probably never have it to do again, he supposed he might as well stretch a point, and so he bought me and had me done up in the most careful manner. Dear me! thought I, how delighted those silly young rascals will be when they behold me! And yet, would you believe it, when they had me stretched out on the floor Clara just glanced at me a moment, then said, with her nose in the air: 'What a splendid thing for someone to break his neck over!' And Jack—wretch that he is!—returned: 'Yes, my dear, we'll keep that for when your mother comes to see us!'"

"Now listen to my tale of woe," spoke up the "Made in France" vase. "Poor little Charlie Flitters sent me, and Charlie isn't the most prosperous person in the world. He

lives on half o' nothing, paid him punctual once a week, as our friend, Mr. Kipling, puts it, and he looks after his mother and the girls besides. But Charlie is a generous soul, and as soon as he heard his friend Jack was to be married he began stinting himself on luncheons and car-fares and things in order to send the bride a present. Poor little Charlie! The first one of my kind he saw was down at a Fifth avenue shop and cost just thirty dollars. Charlie looked at it long and wistfully and then he thought of the mother and sisters and turned resolutely away. Plodding over to Sixth avenue he came at length to the emporium where I hung out and where they sell everything from gum-drops to granite monuments. Charlie spied me in a moment and asked my price. The bewitching young creature with the high pompadour and diamond ring who waited on him turned me upside down and replied: '3.99.' Charlie was delighted and paid out his hard-earned cash like a little man—"

"Well, what's the matter with you?" broke in the cut glass carafe, "I don't see what you've got to kick about."

"If you will be kind enough to wait until I finish," said the vase calmly, "perhaps you will understand. Clara's maid opened me and Clara liked me very much and said I should go in the drawing-room and she continued to say so until, accidentally, she came across the paper I was wrapped up in—"

"Well," snapped the carafe again, "what was the matter with the paper?"

"Why, don't you see," explained the vase, "it had a vivid red star on it!"

"Well, certainly, at the wedding reception this afternoon no one cut such a figure as I," began the bank check vain-gloriously, "everyone who came in just glanced hurriedly at all you others, but when they came to me and saw 'fifty thousand dollars' scrawled across my dotted lines and signed by the bride's father, they just stared, I can tell you, and not one of them but wouldn't rather have had me than all the spoons and forks and vases and everything in the room. Indeed, I quite trembled for my safety when some of those poor relations came too near, and I was glad to notice that the private detective stood by all the time. Wouldn't it have raised an awful scandal, though, if someone had picked me up by mistake?"

Then the check began to rustle in a superior manner and all the other presents felt their inferiority.

"He, he!" and the berry spoon began giggling. "You all seem to have your woes, but I haven't anything to complain of. Each of you seems to have something against Clara or Jack and to have been badly treated by them, but I tell you I am going to get square with them and, oh, my! but won't it be sport! You see, it's just this way: they expect to change me, too, but Bobby Smithers, who sent me, is a bird. He bought me at a Cheap-John place somewhere way downtown and just slipped me into a Tiffany box and sent me off in style—how jolly rich on them, when they take me into Tiffany's to change me!" and the merry spoon began chuckling in its bowl!

At this moment the presents suddenly subsided, for they heard someone coming along the corridor. Retiring into their satin-lined cases they kept as quiet as they could.

It was only the bride's father, but awe fell upon them, for he walked deliberately over to the boastful bank check and taking it in his hands tore it in half and threw the pieces into the fire.—From the New Yorker.

Scarritt-Comstock Furniture Co.
BROADWAY AND LOCUST.

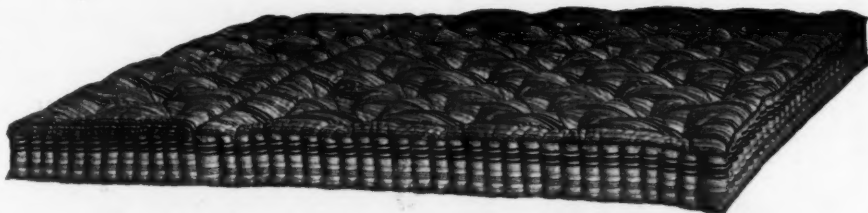
GOOD MATTRESSES.

There are mattresses and mattresses; but all are not mattresses which are sold as such; they may have the "looks," but—when our people want mattresses that are

Genuine Comfort Mattresses

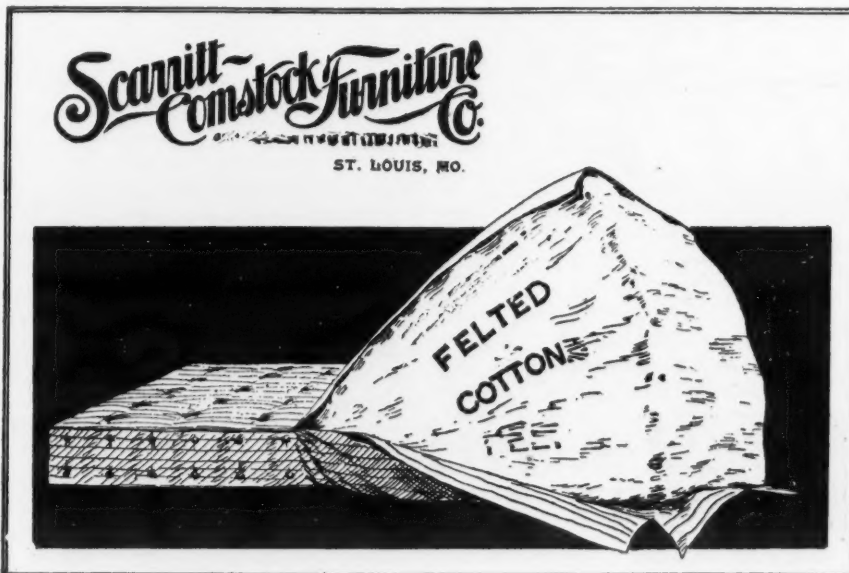
their orders for over sixty years have come to us.

Our new sanitary factory capacity is 100 good mattresses per day.



OUR "IDEAL" SANITARY HAIR MATTRESSES.

Have all edges well stitched, so as to stand up square and straight, and so tufted as to avoid spreading and falling over sides of bed.



NOTE: Everyone acquainted with the natural elasticity and non-absorbent qualities of cotton, and the further fact that, being purely vegetable, containing nothing upon which moth, vermin or germs of disease may exist, realize that it possesses the requisite features of a perfect bedding material, could same be used so as to avoid the lumpy condition ordinarily made cotton mattresses assume after a short time in use. In our "IDEAL" FELTED COTTON we avoid this tendency to lumpiness by using a Felted Cotton the full size of mattress, made of Pure Cotton, as white as snow, carded layered, interlaced and compressed, in such a manner that it will forever retain its shape and comfort.

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

"Don't you miss your husband very much, now that he is away?" "Oh, no! At breakfast I just stand his newspaper up in front of a plate, and half the time I really forget he isn't there."—Ex.

THE STOCK MARKET.



Some wisacre has remarked: "Anybody with money can fill a store with goods, but it takes the right kind of goods to fill the store with people."

Perhaps you've noticed the goodly crowds filling our shop lately.

Perhaps you've observed the well-dressed men filling our Fall and Winter suits lately.

Must be merit in the clothing we make—must be fit and satisfactory fabric and faultless finish in our suits—must be pleasing prices on the fabrics.

All sorts of Fall and Winter suits—made to order in our way from our array of fabrics \$25.00 to \$50.00 per suit.

MacCarthy-Evans Tailoring Co.
820 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.
Opp. Post Office.

Would you call this advertising?
The Perfect Gas Range is made of the very best material and unusual great care is exercised in its manufacture.
Over four thousand (5000) are in daily use in St. Louis. Each and every one of these is giving good satisfaction.
The Eclipse Gas Water heater can be attached in any kitchen, regardless of the make of gas stove used. It is the best, the cheapest, but the most economical gas water heater in existence.
Bachus Building
1011 Olive
Headquarters For Good Gas Goods

Burlington 9 A.M.
Route 9 P.M.

TO

Kansas City.

Two trains daily with all classes of modern equipment.

The Burlington has the only train from St. Louis near the popular leaving hour of 9 p. m. for the West—Kansas City, Omaha, St. Joseph, Denver.

City Ticket Office—S. W. Cor. Broadway and Olive Street, St. Louis.

Powerful bull manipulation has resulted in a materially higher range of values and enlarged activity in Wall street. Interest on the part of the public is now much more in evidence again, and commission houses report a marked increase in buying orders. Outside of a continuance of rumors of a definite settlement of the Northern Pacific imbroglio, and reports of a wonderful state of prosperity throughout the country, in spite of the corn crop shortage, there was nothing to account for the sudden display of strength and reviving bull speculation. Of course, the rise was facilitated to a large extent by covering of extensive short contracts. The bears had, as usual, been overdoing the thing and played into the hands of their antagonists by selling too many stocks they did not own. The rapid appreciation in the prices of Union Pacific, St. Paul, St. Louis & San Francisco, Missouri Pacific, Atchison, Traction and Coal stocks disclosed the fact that the short interest had become too unwieldy and top-heavy.

Union Pacific common rose to 108 $\frac{3}{4}$, and St. Paul common to 174 $\frac{3}{4}$ last week, and have since reacted from one to two points. Transactions in these shares are still very heavy, and the bulls predict that the top has not yet been reached. It could be noticed, of late, that whenever the market displayed signs of weakening, Union Pacific and St. Paul were whirled up from 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ points and made to appear strong until the attack on the rest of the list had ceased. This reveals shrewd manipulation on the part of leading cliques, who, for purposes of their own, are making violent efforts to attract the public, establish a higher range of prices and unload at good profit. Don't forget that the pools have stocks to sell; they are not buying at the present level; if they are doing anything, they are selling as prices advance. They bought and increased their holdings during the summer, when the crop scare and the tragedy at Buffalo provoked heavy liquidation on the part of timid holders. The market had to be supported at that time, by all means, and the purpose now is to dispose of holdings then accumulated.

Indications, at this writing, favor a further advance in the entire list. The manipulators are still at work; they are "gunning" for the rest of unfortunate bears, who are still sticking to their guns and holding out, in hopes of a speedy culmination of the upward movement. They say that the bears in Missouri Pacific and Atchison are still very numerous, and that they will all be compelled to take their medicine before a great while.

St. Louis & St. Francisco common scored a sharp advance, rising to 51, on talk of an approaching dividend-payment on the stock. The first and second preferred pay the full 4 per cent., while the common is earning at the rate of 3 to 4 per cent. The earnings continue to increase, although at a somewhat diminished ratio. The common shares are very popular in St. Louis; the "tip" to buy them made the rounds in local speculative circles for the past four weeks. It is intimated that the stock will go much higher, 75 is said to be the object of the bull clique, which comprises some of the best-known capitalists in St. Louis. The stock appears to be high enough at 51, as a non-dividend-payer, but if there should be some "deal" pending, as intimated by various authorities, the bulls will have things all their own way and lift the quotation a good many points higher.

THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

Capital, - - - \$1,000,000.00
Surplus and Profits, 925,402.20

H. A. FORMAN, President.

FRANK A. RUF, Vice President.

VAN L. RUNYAN, Ass't Cashier.

J. D. GOLDMAN, 2nd Vice President.

G. A. W. AUGST, Cashier.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

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The three disturbers, Sugar, Amalgamated Copper and Peoples Gas, showed sympathetic strength, especially Sugar and Gas. Amalgamated Copper rallied but feebly, and is still about 44 points below the high level of last spring. Copper trade reports continue to favor the bear side, but there is a strong impression, in some circles, that the bad features have been discounted, and that Amalgamated is a purchase for at least 95. The short interest is said to be large, and insiders have been accumulating the stock, in anticipation of a bulge. So far as this stock is concerned, much may be said on both sides. The public will do well in keeping aloof from it.

Competition in the sugar trade is increasing rapidly. Sugar stock is "tipped" for a sharp break. There is a suspicion, however, that the "tip" is coming from insiders and should, therefore, be handled with care.

McKnight,

Who has for the past six years made the best Clothes in this city for the money, is now located in his new store,

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A complete line of Foreign Fabrics always on hand. Personal attention paid to every garment turned out. One trial will convince you.

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Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon, stock and bond broker 421 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102½-103
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	109-110
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	110-111
Renewal (Gid) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	102½-103
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	104-105½
" 3½	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102½-103
" 4	J. J.	July 1, 1911	111-112
" 3½	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104-105
" 3½	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104-106
" 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107-108
" (Gid) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	107½-108½
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	107½-110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109-110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104-105
" 3½	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	102½-103½

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277

Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104½-105½
" 3½	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102-104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J. D.	June 1, 1914	104-106
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102-103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	108-105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	108-105
" 4	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	105-106
" 4 10-20	J. D.	July 1, 1919	105-107
" 4 10-20	J. D.	June 1, 1920	104-106
" 3½	J. J.	July 1, 1921	101-103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	75-80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100-102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	105-105½
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	60-63
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101-103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	95-100
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99-101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg	1928	104½-105
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108½-109
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	115½-116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113-114½
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117-119
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	93-94
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100-101
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	95-95½
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	89½-90½
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90-90½
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	104½-105
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100-101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100-104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75-80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	June '01, 8 SA	295-296
Boatmen's	100	June '01, 8½ SA	224-226
Bremen Sav.	100	Oct. 1901, 6 SA	265-270
Continental	100	June '01, 8½ SA	248-249
Fourth National	100	Nov. '01, 5p.c. SA	299-3.2
Franklin	100	June '01, 4 SA	289-295
German Savings	100	July 1901, 8 SA	240-292
German-Amer.	100	July 1901, 20 SA	750-800
International	100	Sept. 1901, 1½ qy	145-150
Jefferson	100	July 01, 3p.c. SA	1-5-180
Lafayette	100	July 1901, 6 SA	525-575
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qy	249-252
Merch.-Laclede	100	Oct. 1901, 1½ qy	238-240
Northwestern	100	July 1901, 4 SA	130-150
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Oct. 1901, 2½ qy	327½-328½
South Side	100	Nov. 1901, 8 SA	21-123
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Oct. 1901, 8 SA	138-142
Southern com.	100	July 1900, 8 SA	110-115
State National	100	Oct. 1901, 1½ qy	207-208
Third National	100	Oct. 1901, 1½ qy	236½-238

*Quoted 100 for par

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Commonwealth	100	Forming	349-351
Lincoln	100	Oct. '01, S.A. 3	293½-294
Miss. Va.	100	Oct. '01, 2½ qy	470-471
St. Louis	100	Oct. '01, 2 qy	339-340
Title Trust	100		145-147
Union	100	Nov. '08, 8	376-379
Mercantile	100	Nov. '01, 1 Mo.	424½-425

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102½-103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 109-111
Citizens' 20s 6s	J. & J.	Dec. '88
10s 5s	M. & N. 2	1905 105-107
Lindell 20s 5s	F. & A.	1911 109-108½
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116-116½
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116-116½
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N.	1896 105-106
People's	Dec. '89 50c	
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	J. & D.	1912 98-103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	M. & N.	1902 98-103
St. L. & H. St. L.	Monthly 2p	100
do 1st 6s	J. & J.	1925 103-107
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1910 100½-101½
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	1913 102-103
St. L. & Sub.		95-98
do Con. 5s		1921 105-105½
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1914 117-120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 115-115½
do Incomes 5s		1914
Southern 1st 6s	M. & N.	1904 104-106
do 2d 25s 6s		1909 106-108
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	F. & A.	1916 107-108
U. D. 25s 6s	J. & D.	1918 121-122
United Ry's Pfd.	Oct. '01 1½	184½-88½
" 4 p.c. 50s	J & J	91½-91½
St. Louis Transit.		30½-31

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	July 1901, 4 SA	201-210

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100		15-16
" Pfd.	100	Sept. 1900 1½	46-47
Am. Car-Fdry Co	100	Oct. 1901 ¾	27-28
" " Pfd	100	Oct. 1901, 1½ qy	84-85
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901 2 qy	150-160
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	178-136
Central Lead Co	100	Oct. 1901, ½ MO	18-20
Consol. Coal	100	July, 1901, 1	128-130
Doe Run Min. Co	100	July 1901, ½ MO	287½-290
Granite Bi-Metal	100		85-90
Hydraulic P.B. Co	100	June 1901, 1	45-48
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb., '99, 1	110-115
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1901 A. 10	107-110
Kennard Pfd.	100	Feb. 1901 SA 3½	94½-95½
Laclede Gas, com	100	Feb. 1901 2 p. c.	101-102
Laclede Gas, pfd.	100	June 1901 SA	52-55
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		17-18
Mo. Edison com.	100		100-101
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Oct. '01 1½ qy	97-101
Schultz Belting	100	July '01 qy 1½	161-65
Simmons HdW Co	100	Feb., 1901, 8 A	139-142
Simmons do pfd.	100	Feb. 1901, 3½ SA	140-147
Simmons do 2d pfd.	100	Mar. 1901 4 S.A.	15½-16½
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Oct. 1901 1½ qy	47-48½
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '00, 4 p. c.	43-44
St. L. Brew. Com.	100	Jan., '99, 3 p. c.	5-25
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '98, 4	2-5
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '98, 4	72-75
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Oct. 1901 1 qy	135-145
Union Dairy	100	Aug., '01, 2 qy	220-240
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Oct., '01, qy	172-174
Westhaus Brake	50	July 1901, 7½	50½-51½
" Coupler		Consolidated	

Intrinsically, sugar is too high at 122, and the day is not far off when it will again sell below 100. In the meanwhile, however, the bears may have an exciting experience in their efforts to get the best of the Have-meyer crowd.

The Traction stocks distinguished themselves by a very sudden and decisive advance. Manhattan crossed 128, Metropolitan 166 and Brooklyn Rapid Transit 68. The bulls in Manhattan are very enthusiastic in their predictions of higher prices and again predicting 150 for their specialty. Readers of this column have frequently been advised of the merits of the stock. Manhattan is the best Traction issue on the list and should be purchased on every moderate set-back. Brooklyn Rapid Transit and Metropolitan, on the other hand, are not attractive; they are entirely too high, judging by intrinsic merits. The operating expenses of the Brooklyn R. Transit Co. are still growing; for the month of September they increased \$111,000, and the net revenues decreased \$41,000. The earnings of the Metropolitan are also unsatisfactory to stockholders; the 7 per cent dividend is barely earned.

The continued strength and advance in sterling exchange rates creates great surprise in Wall street. The open market rate is now 4.87½, and there is a probability that more gold will be exported in the near future, in spite of an advance in sterling exchange at Paris and Berlin. The January settlements are approaching, and foreign institutions making vigorous efforts to meet all emergencies that may arise. The Bank of England is still losing gold; last week, about \$700,000 was shipped to South Africa. This does not bear out the assertion recently made in British papers that Transvaal mines were again being successfully operated.

The monetary situation, at present, resembles that of November 1899, when the outbreak of the South African war compelled the Bank of England to grab all the available supplies of gold and to advance its rate of discount to 6 per cent., the highest in a generation. This year, of course, it is not to be expected that the situation will assume such a serious and alarming aspect, yet there is some reason to be exceedingly cautious and to keep close to shore. The new British loan and the disturbance in French and German markets; the decrease in our exports and increase in our imports; the repayment of loans made by New York financiers, last spring, in furtherance of consolidation schemes, and the steady absorption of funds by the U. S. Treasury, all these are factors to be reckoned with in financial and speculative markets. Some months ago, we were priding ourselves on our financial independence of Europe. At that time, we did not know that New York syndicates had borrowed heavily in Paris and Berlin, in order to prevent a squall in our monetary markets, in connection with the Southern Pacific, U. S. Steel and Burlington deals. Now it leaks out that for-

eigners had to be appealed to for financial assistance, and we are called upon to discharge obligations then assumed, and this at a time, when we can ill afford to do so. It is a most interesting international state of affairs, and one that may become still more interesting within the next two months.

The professional element in Wall street believes that the stock market will be strong and higher, barring the unexpected, until February, and that stocks are a purchase on all setbacks of a few points. The trouble is that there is now plenty of material at hand and accumulating, out of which the unexpected may emerge when least expected and in the most portentous form.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Missouri Trust occupied the center of the speculative stage in the last few days. Rumors that ex-Gov. Stephens would soon be connected with the company, and that his friends have been large buyers, induced quite a scramble for the shares, and resulted in an advance to 119. The stock is said to be scarce, and a further rise is looked upon as a certainty. There are also rumors that a dividend will soon be paid, although the officials deny the allegations very stoutly.

Announcement is made that a new trust company is in process of formation. Chas. F. Weneker is one of the moving spirits in the new enterprise. It is expected that business will be begun by January 1st. If this sort of thing keeps up, there will soon be trust companies galore in St. Louis.

St. Louis Transit gained another point, and sold at 30½. It is now quoted at 30 bid, 30¼ asked. The earnings of the company are said to be very good. It is intimated that the floating debt will be paid within a few months. There is no use denying that bulls are enthusiastic and persistent in their support and buying of Transit, and also of United Railways preferred, which is quoted at 87½ bid. The 4 per cent bonds firmed up likewise of late, and are now salable at 91½.

Granite-Bimetallic is fairly active. The stock is selling at 2 85. It is said that all offerings are quickly picked up by prominent people. A sharp rise is predicted. Important developments are daily looked for.

There is a revival of the old rumors of an absorption of lighting interests in St. Louis by the North American Company. The Laclede and Missouri-Edison issues are, therefore, a little firmer. Missouri Edison common is 17½ bid, 18¼ asked; the preferred is offered at 52.

St. Louis Trust is selling at 340; New Mercantile Trust at 423; Bank of Commerce at 328 and American Exchange at 293½. Higher prices are predicted for South Side, Jefferson, State National, Boatmen's and Third National shares. Clearances continue very large. Money is in good demand. Sterling is higher and strong at 4.87½.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND FINE STREETS.

Becomes Sole Surety On All Bonds Required by Law to be Given.

DIRECTORS:

Elmer B. Adams, Judge U. S. District Court.
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Julius S. Walsh, President.
Rolla Wells, Mayor City of St. Louis.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The dramatic version of Gen. Lew Wallace's widely read novel, "Ben Hur" will be presented at the Olympic Theatre, beginning Monday evening, November 18th. Klaw and Erlanger have made the production the most beautiful and elaborate spectacle ever exhibited on the stage. The scenic equipment is on so large a scale that it has been found necessary entirely to reconstruct the Olympic stage to accommodate it. The dramatization of "Ben Hur" has been done with due respect for the religious interest of the book and its integrity has been maintained in every detail, with the single exception of the introduction of the Nazarene. As a personality, He is eliminated from the drama. The scene of the Master healing the lepers, in the last act, gives a picture of the dreadful Vale of Hinnom, the refuge of the lepers, showing the Mount of Olives and the city of Jerusalem in the distance, as in a vision. From the city comes a motley throng which the unclean ones seek to join, but are repulsed with loathing. Down the slopes of the mount moves a vast multitude, waving palm branches and chanting hosannas. The shunned and despised lepers fall upon their knees in supplication to the unseen Nazarene. Suddenly a shaft of light of wondrous brilliancy, which symbolizes His presence, falls upon their heads like a benediction and they are cleansed. The sacred and solemn associations of the scene are drawn with such delicacy and sureness of touch that one receives the impression of having been an actual beholder of an incident in the world's history such as was never before seen. This incident is indeed most reverently and touchingly presented and is by far the most effective in the play, not even excepting the sea fight or the chariot race, in which eight horses run at top speed in full view of the audience. Thousands of people appear to look down on the contesting charioteers and the excited spectator witnesses the skill of Ben Hur as he deftly smashes the wheel of Messala's chariot, and wins the race just as the Roman plunges headlong beneath the hoofs of his affrighted steeds. These and other scenes are carried out with a fidelity of detail and magnificence of conception that are prodigious. The play will run three weeks and it is expected St. Louis will turn out en masse, while the outlying regions will furnish many large audiences.

The Four Cohans, who, until two seasons ago, were in vaudeville, will appear at the Century, for one week, beginning, Sunday, November 17th, in their farce-comedy, written by George Cohan, entitled "The Governor's Son." The play was produced here last year and was well received. The cast includes George M. and Jerry Cohan, Will H. Sloan, James H. Manning, William Keough, M. J. Sullivan, Hugh Mack, Peter F. Randall, Charles L. Gebest, W. Martin Byles, Willie Cameron, A. Henry Scott, Helen F. and Josephine Cohan, Ethel Levey, Jeanette Kirkwood and a chorus of twenty well trained voices. Students of dramatic evolution will be interested to observe by what graceful gradations the variety performers, in this instance, develop into meritorious comedians of improved taste.

Sunday, November 17th, Managers Heinemann and Welb, will present, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, Leon Treptow's great four act comedy, "Jaeger-Liebchen," (The Hunter's Sweetheart) Mr. George Heinemann and Leona Bergere will essay the leading roles, "Jaeger-Liebchen," with its sparkling music and comical situations, is said to be one of the happiest productions of Treptow's pen. Wednesday, November 20th, Frederick Schiller's "Don Carlos" will be the offering.

The Big Sensation company, at the Standard this week, is scoring an immense "hit." One of the "turns" which received enthusiastic encores was a comedy skit entitled, "The Watermelon Trust." The closing act, and decidedly the most pleasing, was the graceful dancing of a lissom little Spanish senorita. Many musical numbers and specialties are introduced. Among those who contributed to the olio, were Lizzie and Nettie Batchelor, the Seyons, Conroy and Keeler, Josie Le Coy, Farnum and Nelson and Collins and Collins. "The Ramblers" are underlined for next week.

To insure your Wedding Invitations being strictly in the latest Paris and London fashion, have them engraved in Mermod & Jaccard's stationery shops, Broadway and Locust, Street.

OH, SO SHOCKING!

A correspondent writes: "A friend of mine who has just returned from Palestine told me an amusing little story. During her stay at Bethlehem, where she remained a fortnight, she had chosen a domicile in a convent of the town, the sisters of which contrived to make a pretty good living by receiving lady travelers and giving them shelter and food, not of the first quality. On the day of her arrival, as she entered the dining room, her eyes were attracted by a huge portrait of the late Empress of Austria. It was a copy of the well known picture representing the imperial lady in full court dress, crowned by the most marvelous head of hair that ever was seen, and my friend looked aghast at the nun who accompanied her. The Sister blushed and said, 'Yes—the shoulders—you see, madam, when Her Majesty sent us her portrait from Vienna, after her visit to Palestine, and her stay in our humble home, we were overwhelmed with joy. Our first thought was to hang it in our chapel. But then that gay dress! Then we decided to decorate our refectory with it, and so we did, only we could not have constantly before our eyes those bare shoulders and that bust half covered. We were in sore embarrassment, when happily our lady superior, who is a very clever woman, came to our rescue. She took a pair of scissors and a piece of white paper and cut out, as you can see, a well fitting guimpe, which she fixed on the bare place by a few pins, so small, indeed, that the holes they make in the canvas are of no consequence at all!'—*Modern Society.*

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

The other side: "Ah, yes!" exclaimed the sentimental youth, "woman is truly like ivy on the ruined wall. The more dilapidated you become the more she clings to you." "And ivy is like woman," snarled the old bachelor; "the more she clings to you the more dilapidated you become."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Charles—"Did the tailor take your measure?" Algy—"I think he did. He said I'd have to pay in advance."—*Tit-Bits.*



GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES
The World's Best
All styles and sizes. Prices from \$5 to \$50.
Awarded First Prize Paris Exposition 1900.
Sold by First-Class Stove Merchants everywhere.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

Lives of the Hunted, Ernest Seton-Thompson \$1.75; My Lady Peggy Goes to Town, Frances A. Matthews, \$1.25; The Benefactress, by the author of Elizabeth and Her German Gardener, \$1.20; The Outcasts, W. A. Fraser, \$1.25; The Ruling Passion, Henry Van Dyke, \$1.20; The Road to Frontenac, Samuel Merwin, \$1.20; In the Forest, Maximilian Foster, \$1.20. Also a full line of paper novels and periodicals at
JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive street.

THE STANDARD.

THIS WEEK,

NEW BIG SENSATION.

NEXT WEEK,

THE RAMBLERS.

ODEON—SUNDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. Direction ALFRED G. ROBYN
EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT 3:30.
MR. HAROLD GORDON, The Well Known Tenor, will sing Next SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17th, By permission of Mr. Chas. M. Southwell.
Admission to all parts of the house, 25 Cents.

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BELL MAIN 2197. KINLOCH B 517.

Send a postal or telephone and we will call at your house for garments and return them to you promptly. Suits chemically cleaned and pressed, \$2.00; trousers, 50c. Repairing and dyeing done at moderate charges.

Full Dress Suits to Rent for \$2.50.

GERMANIA THEATER.

Fourteenth and Locusts Sts.

Heinemann & Welb, - - Managers.

SUNDAY, Nov. 17—The Great Comedy Farce, with Sparkling Music,

"JAEGER LIEBCHEN."

In 4 acts, by Leon Treptow, George Heinemann and Leona Bergere in the leading parts.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20,

"DON CARLOS,"

By Friedrich Schiller.

Reserved Seats at box office, Germania Theater.



MICHIGAN CENTRAL
"The Niagara Falls Route."
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Lv. Chicago 8:00 p.m. — Ar. Buffalo 7:45 a.m.
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"Pan-American Souvenir," "A Summer Note Book" and other booklets sent for 4c. postage.
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CENTURY

THIS WEEK,

Ward & Vokes

IN

The Head Waiters

Matinee Saturday.

NEXT SUNDAY

The Four Cohans

IN

"The Governor's Son"

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,

Klaw & Erlanger Opera Company presenting

Jerome Sykes

in De Koven and Smith's Comic Opera

"Foxy Quiller"

Regular Matinee, Saturday.

NEXT MONDAY,

Klaw & Erlanger's

stupendous production

Ben Hur

Wednesday and Saturday Matinees.

JOHN THOMAS' SALVE.

BY BILL SMITH.

There was nothing much doing in the office when the messenger boy handed in to the editor a card, on which was printed "J. T. Brady, the Horse's Friend," and said that the equine's benefactor was waiting out in the reception room. So the editor, having an off day, was sent out to see what Mr. Brady had up his sleeve.

The racing editor discovered in the "horse's friend" his old time acquaintance, John Thomas Brady, at sight of whom, in years gone by, horses used to shy and mules—Missouri mules—used to sidle up alleys.

"Hello, John," said the editor, looking at the card. "That's a horse on me. What have you got to peddle?"

"Say," said the equine's benefactor, "I'm going to do something'll throw you in a fit."

"What, lend me money?"

"Now, now," said Brady depreciatingly, "eliminate that—eliminate them coarse jokes of your'n. I'm talking business. When I say I'm going to do something'll give you St. Vitus' dance, I mean it. I don't mean you personally, but the public at large—the wise guineas—them scientists—I'm going to make 'em stand on their head."

"Why?"

"Now, here, let's take off the gloves and talk sense. You fellows think I ain't got nothing in this head o' mine but a few old, raggedy bullets and scars, but I tell you, this brain of mine is like that patent dope they sell you in drug stores—it works while you guys are asleep. Jevver hear o' my electric salve?"

"Well, not the electric kind, but—"

"Now, honest."

"What's the salve got to do with the scientists standing on their heads?"

"Everything. You read back in history and you'll see these wise guineas in colleges and academies that's drawing pensions from Carnegie and Rockefeller say that you can't grow no hair on a piece of flesh or skin where the hair's been burnt off. Don't they?"

"Well, I can't."

"Well, I can, with this electric salve o' mine, and there's where I'm going to make monkeys out of 'em. This salve o' mine—the electric—I'll guarantee will not only heal up a burn, scar, cut or blemish of any kind on human being, animal, fish, flesh, fowl, reptile, serpent, insect or vermin of any class, but it will restore the hair on the spot to its normal condition, infuse new vigor into the hair, skin and flesh, and leave absolutely no trace of the original—"

"Hold on there, John," said the racing editor, "no fair reading from manuscript. Put that label back in your pocket and tell me what you're going to do."

"Say, this aint no label talk; I'm giving you this straight, with the hair on. I've got a salve on the market that just skins any other salve that any long-haired man ever peddled. Actually, it, got every other salve skun so far that I'm thinking of selling 'em some of mine to restore the skun places."

"Now," continued the equine's benefactor getting a half Nelson on the race-horse editor, who was edging toward the door, "just to show the people what this electric salve will do, I'm conducting an experiment out here at the Fair Grounds. You remember that fire out there a couple of weeks ago, where a couple of skates was burned up, after they'd burned up a lot of sucker-money running 'also rans?' Well, that's my game."



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FINEST LIQUORS.
THAT'S ALL.

One of the horses was burned so bad that the horse-doctors wanted to give him a pass to Butler's rendering works. I got a look at the nag and told the owner I could cure him in two weeks with my electric salve, and cure him so that not only would I restore the sloughed off flesh and skin, but the hair also, and leave no scar to show that he'd ever been burned. And I'll do it too.

"Now that's where I'm going to make these scientists stand on their head. These book-wise guys tell the horse-owner the scars on his horse won't heal for nine months, and the hair won't come back for over a year. Now I butt in with my electric salve and guarantee to fix up the horse in two weeks. I give him the first dose Sept. 2, and the owner is throwing bouquets at me already. In two weeks I'll have so much hair on that horse's back that they'll have to cut it with a lawn mower. You come out to the Fair some day and see the work of art I've done on that horse, will you? He'll be there, and he'll have a banner on him telling how much good Brady's electric salve done him."

The horse to which Brady has reference, is the three-year-old Duke Alexis, who was badly burned on the back, sides and flanks in the fire at the Fair Grounds, Sept. 2. Brady applied his preparation to the scars on Sept. 26, and Mr. Blake, the horse's owner, and Trainer O'Neill express themselves astonished at the results already apparent. The best veterinarians had told Mr. Blake that under the most propitious conditions it would be a year or more before the burns healed sufficiently to allow the hair to grow.

Mr. Chas A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

Nurse: What do you think of your new little brother, Ethel?

Miss Tomboy: Gee-whizz! Ain't he ugly. No wonder mamma was ill when the doctor brought him!

The best of all remedies, and for over sixty years, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 1840-1901

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Sonnets to a Wife.

By Ernest McGaffey.

The New York *Times Saturday Review* is a publication the utterances of which are authoritative because uninfluenced by advertising or personal friendship for authors. Its book reviews are noted for their honesty of judgment, not less than for their literary excellence. This is what the New York *Times Saturday Review* of August 10th, 1901, says of "Sonnets To A Wife" by Ernest McGaffey:

IT is not at all easy to explain the nature of a successful sonnet. There is something subtle in the essence of this form, yet it is by no means difficult to recognize a good sonnet. These are indeed few, for the sonnet is the most inexorable form of poetry. To put into the unalterable arrangement of the fourteen lines a thought that shall justify its expression in this form and justify the form at the same time is not given to every one who has a faculty in other verse patterns. If the occasional sonneteer succeeds rarely, he who sets out to write a series of sonnets, addressed to one person and following one line of experience, will certainly make failures.

Of course, the reader will at once recall the wonderful "Sonnets from the Portuguese" of Mrs. Browning, but this series stands to-day as the single successful example of its kind. Petrarch's sonnets to his beloved Laura were not written in a formal series, and it must be recollected that he did not confine himself to this one form in praising his adored one. Shakespeare's sonnets were also written apparently without direct connection. So it must be admitted that when Mr. Ernest McGaffey wrote "Sonnets To A Wife," he undertook no light task. In a volume containing more than three-score sonnets, all addressed to one person, even though that person be a wife for whom the writer cherishes a beautiful love, there are sure to be some pretty poor specimens. Mr. McGaffey has undertaken to touch upon every phase and exfoliation of his adoration, with all its corollaries, and of course, he has fallen into some deep pitfalls.

But if his valleys are profound, his mountains are correspondingly lofty. We are not acquainted with other work of this author, who, we fancy, has made himself known through the columns of the newspapers of this city. We do not know how large or how long has been his training in the molding of English into the highest forms of expression. It seems fair to judge from his work that he has had less experience as a poet than as a lover. He has been bent on making known the depth and the breadth of his passion rather than on mastering all the technic of verse. But he has occasionally found perfect expression for some tender and beautiful thoughts, and he has, therefore, written some sonnets which deserve to live. Here is one entitled "Recollections":

To conjure up old memories; to say
"Do you remember that in such a June
An orchard, oriole sang to us a tune
Melodiously from out a branching spray
Of leafy denseness; or on such a day
We saw the silver spectre of the moon
Long after dawn and nearing unto noon,
A merest wraith of sickle gaunt and gray?"

These are love's echoes faintly heard and fine,
But ever present, never dim nor mute,
That you and I in comradeship do share;
Sweet symphonies that breathe a sense divine,
Like misty chords that linger by a lute,
Though all the silver strings are shattered there.

In the book the word "to" is omitted from the third line, but Mr. McGaffey's ear is so true that we are sure that he never wrote the line without the word, and consequently have supplied it. The man who wrote that sonnet is a genuine poet, no matter if he failed with some of the others. And there are other sonnets quite as good as "Recollections," while happy lines and luminous phrases are sown prodigally through the handsomely printed pages. This little volume will be a dear companion to all who know the loveliness of love, to all who can appreciate the voicing of the best emotions that come to a man's heart. Women will find joy in its pages, for they set forth the kind of worship for which every woman craves. It may be that Mr. McGaffey will not again find inspiration to move his muse to such fine songs, but he may rest happy in the assurance that by these sonnets—at least those which show him at his best—he has earned a right to be classed among the most sincere and tender of our recent singers.

The book reviewed above is printed on hand-made paper, bound in white paper-vellum over boards and inserted in a slide case. It was printed in the office of the St. Louis MIRROR and is a model of chaste typography and all-around artistic book-making. It contains a foreword by the editor and proprietor of the MIRROR and it has been the most successful book of verse ever issued West of the Mississippi River.

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The "Baronet" goes off in a few days on another foraging expedition (the fourth this season,) and before going is desirous of closing out a big lot of odd Cloaks, Jackets, Skirts, Waists, etc., etc., and has had the "Boss" go round his room, and mark them down: Here they go:

- Lot No. 1—For \$5.98—Ladies' Box Coats, half fitted black silk romaine lined, strictly tailored; colors, Oxford, black, gray and mixed brown; a \$9.75 coat—Our Special Price \$5.98
- Lot No. 2—For \$1.48—Fine All-Wool Flannel Waists, back and front all tucked; a \$2.50 Waist—Our Waist Flyer only \$1.48
- Lot No. 3—For \$4.50—Oxford Gray Stripe Walking Skirts, deep graduated flounce, tailor stitched fifteen times; a \$7.50—Our Special Skirt Bargain, only \$4.50
- Lot No. 4—For \$35.00—Ladies' First Quality of Electric Seal Box Jackets, storm collar, plain or fancy, figured silk lining; a \$57.50 Fur Jacket for \$35.00
- Lot No. 5—For 98c—Ladies' Flannelette Wrappers, made with epaulets over shoulders, deep flounce; colors, blue and white polka dots, also red and black fancy stripes; \$1.50 Wrapper for 98c
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- Lot No. 8—For \$4.98—Ladies' Short English Walking Jackets; colors, castor, tan, blue, gray and black; worth \$7.50 up to \$8.50—Our Jacket Special, only \$4.98
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6 Special Prices on 6 Specific Articles on which we are overstocked.

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A reduction of 25 per cent will be made on marked price of all straw mattings.

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All-Wool Ingrain Carpets that sold for 65c a yard, will be sold this week for 43c

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Tapestry Brussels Carpets, in nice rug patterns, with borders to match, that sold for 75c a yard, will be sold this week for 59c

VELVET CARPETS—

Fine grade Velvet Carpets, in oriental effects, for rooms or rugs, that were \$1.00 a yard, will be sold this week for 75c

SMYRNA RUGS—

All-Wool Reversible Smyrna Rugs, rich colorings, size 9x12—they sold for \$25.00—this week they will be \$16.50

WILTON VELVET RUGS—

All our one-piece 9x12 Wilton Rugs, in very swell colorings, were \$35.00, as long as they last \$25.00

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We want to cover and keep warm every man, woman and child in this city with our superior Blankets and Bed Comforts. We are booked to do it.

49c—Three cases White or Gray Blankets (no seconds,) well fleeced, cheaper than sheets at the price.

\$1.35—Extra large Mottled Gray and Old Rose Blankets, with pretty borders, and worth \$2.00.

\$3.50—Buys a fine California Gray Wool Blanket, manufactured to sell for \$5.00.

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\$1.25—Choice of a big assortment White Cotton Filled Bed Comforts, full size, fast colors.

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Finest Mixed Candy ever sold for 10 cents per pound, consisting of Chocolate, Crystallized Figs, Cream Wafers, etc.

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- TRIMMED HATS—You cannot afford to miss one of Crawford's Hats, for style and price—50 stylish and up-to-date hats \$3.48 and \$4.48
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Regular 75c quality.
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Regular \$1.25 quality.
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Regular 75c quality.
- 100 pieces Fancy Silk, your choice for 69c
Regular \$1.00 quality.
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Regular 75c quality.

Colored Dress Goods.

A Few Specials in Dress Goods for the Week.

- All-Wool French Figured Flannels, suitable for ladies' gowns and waists, for 25c
Regular 75c quality.
- 54-inch Basket Homespun, all wool, and we mean it, at 39c
Regular 69c quality.
- 100 pieces of our World-Beater Colored Broadcloths, all pure wool, twilled back; nothing like it in St. Louis for less than \$1.25—our Sale Price 98c
- 50-inch French Venetians, very fine, all pure wool, for tailor-made suits—for the week \$1.39
Regular \$1.75 quality.
- French Panne Cloth, all pure wool; worth \$1.25—Sale Price 89c

Feathers.

Odorless and Sanitary Feathers, put up in bags of from 1 to 10 pounds at 50c, 65c and 75c per pound.

To the South



WITH the Autumn months the tide of travel sets Southward. Many who contemplate journeys to Texas, the Southwest and Mexico put off their starting until the approach of cooler weather. Therefore it is not out of line to suggest the merits of a trip through the Ozarks en route to any of the above localities. The air and scenery are superb, and can be enjoyed to the full from the library observation cars operated via the



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